

THE SCOURGE.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1813.

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collected to stock the R—— Park.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our next number will contain the valuable article of our correspondent Lucius, entitled the Rival Poets, or New Candidates for the Laurel, tending to elucidate our next caricature.

We are sorry that prudential considerations should have compelled us to postpone the case of bigamy, until we are *personally* able to testify the truth of the narration it contains.

The hints of a correspondent who favoured us with observations on the clerical character and profession, shall meet with due attention. In their present form they are not adapted to the nature of our work.

We should be glad to hear once more from Mons. Didelot, according to his promise.

“ Dame Nature” has our best wishes for her happiness and prosperity ; and provided she will attend to our advice so frequently and so sincerely given, and commit her poetry to the flames, trusting only to her known respectability of character, we have no doubt the hand of friendship will be extended to her relief.

Our next Number will contain a copious review of the account of the Russian campaign by Sir Robert Ker Porter ; also, a Poetical Sketch of the following animals, who are selected to range in the R— Park : the *Hyæna*, *White Doe*, *Kidling*, *Lion*, and the *Terrier*.

The conclusion of *Father and Daughter*, is unavoidably postponed till our next.

THE SCOURGE.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1813.

PARADISE NEWLY STORED;

OR,

OLD DOES SELECTED TO STOCK THE R—— PARK

FOR A

BUCK OF ANTIQUITY,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF NUMEROUS WHEELPS,

&c. &c.

THE OLD BUCK.

As DRYDEN, famous bard of old,
The Hind and Panther's fame enroll'd ;
Why should my genius dose ?
Perhaps I may find equal luck,
In hunting down the antique Buck,
And scaring all his Does.

When Mary reign'd, of fagot fame,
A park she had well stor'd with game,
Which, being always prone
To mercy's call—was dubb'd I ween,
In honour of this burning queen,
St. Mary's Park—*La Bonne*.

But now-a-days that folks are good,
Not broiling for the papists rood,
Another Park we see ;
Times change, and with them change our doings,
La Bonne St. Mary, now in ruins,
Shows Park of Regeancy.

But now to trace back thirteen years,
 Our *Stag* then youthful with his *dears* ;
 Was warm'd with virile glow ;
 No matter who, or where, or when,
 As Bantam crows to ev'ry hen,
 Each prov'd a welcome doe.

But from these minions of the stews,
 O ! let us dainty morsels choose ;
 For I can pledge my word,
 Some *Doe* quite low and debonnaire,
 Because our *Stag*'s especial care
 Selected from the herd.

The first drawn forth from common dross,
 With choicest coat of lovely gloss,
 And instinct most refined ;
 By all the herd was hail'd outright,
Perdita matchless to the sight,
 In her each grace combin'd.

The next fine *Doe* our *Stag* caress'd,
 Her plighted partner's forehead dress'd,
 With horns * the Cuckold's fate ;
 This am'rous game cou'd not be laid,
 So she brought forth a bastard Kid,
 To claim Papa's estate.

* There is a story recorded in ancient writ which runs as follows, Vid. Chronicle of Cuckoldom, chap. 149. v. 15.

Now there dwelt a baronet in the west of the isle, who had a wife so passing fair of face, that a great prince longed after her charms ; as did David of yore, the man after God's own heart, for Bathsheba.

And it came to pass that the great man compassed his lascivious purposes, and the female proved pregnant thereupon.

So the great cornutor took counsel of his friends, who were all arrant rogues, and they so planned the thing that he whom they yelegg'd the cuckold was made dead drunk like father Lot ; and being in this state they conveyed him like unto a log, yea, a lump of wood, and placed him in a bed beside his rib, and there were witnesses thereof.

So when the poor man awaked he cried with a dolorous voice, yea, loud was the sound thereof—" They have dickied me, yea, verily I am sorely diddled."

Now in due season when the child was born, the cuckold was obliged to

But weary with this Doe anon,
 Stag glanc'd aróund and fixed upon
 A She that well could scan
 The worth of beasts both high and low,
 For she before had been the GO
 With *Sixteen String JACK RAN.**

Our Stag as changeful as the moon,
 Then woos a She long past the noon
 Of life, and somewhat cunning.
 This Doe was widow'd, for her mate
 Had felt the shaft of icy fate
 Just stiff as Egypt's mummy.

This female Deer enchain'd his heart,
 Nor cou'd he long from her depart ;
 For if inconstant ever,
 Ere long he sped him back again,
 And with her in the shady glen,
 Vow'd nought their loves should sever.

Nay by all beasts that haunt the plain,
 'Twas thought so binding was the chain,
 That sure as any gun
 They had been bless'd with mystic rite
 Which nought on earth could disunite,
 In fine that *two* were ONE.†

father the same : for it is written in the book of the laws of the Medes and Persians, that

" Whoso is wedded and within nine months claps foot within the sheets with her who hath before disgraced him, shall nevertheless be burthened with the brat, and leave him his inheritance.

* There is infinite eclat accrues from becoming the *protector* (as it is now fashionably termed) of an *interesting* female that was recently *honoured* with the *embraces* of a *notorious highwayman* whose career was *cruelly* cut short by an *hempen noose*. When encircled in the embrace of such a *Dulcinea*, what *delightful anecdotes* can she not retail of the *hair-breadth escapes* of poor departed *Johnny* ; which compared with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments must render the latter insipidity itself.

I would kiss you all the day,
 All the night wou'd toy and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray
 Over the hills and far away.

† There exist many sacred institutions, and among the rest, *matrimony* is not one of the most inconsequential, though the professors of christianity are

Sometimes it happ'd our gallant Stag,
 With *Syren* Doe wou'd prove a wag,
 As sapient Bucks avouch ;
 But in such case 'twas passing odd,
 With drink he prov'd a very clod,
 And always used to *Crouch*.

Months follow'd months, years roll'd away,
 Yet ere this stag with age was grey,
 His virile powers were old ;
 He was to sight a goodly deer,
 Yet much was outside, as I fear
 His prowess somewhat cold.

To warm the blood advice he took,
 From nature's all prolific book ;
 When old grass proving furzy,
 Fresh pasture he resolved to seek ;
 To strengthen loins and make coat sleek,
 So off he set for *Jersey*.

Sometimes he cropp'd the verdure new,
 While as he fed two antlers grew,
 In length five feet at least ;
 Thus decking brows of *Byson* lean,
 That grazed with noble stag I ween
 True *Jersey* horned beast.*

much divided in their opinions upon the subject :—For instance, protestants admit of divorce in cases of adultery ; whereas the CATHOLICS conceive the hymeneal knot *indissoluble* : Now as I am engaged upon the subject of birds, beasts, and fishes, I should feel infinite gratification was I enabled to ascertain their ideas upon this subject ; and whether, prior to sexual intercourse, any ceremony of a binding nature takes place between the creatures so cohabiting. Perhaps I may at a future period undertake to delineate the *loves of the beasts*, which would prove a very luscious morceau for the morals of the rising generation.

* I am highly gratified to find that us lords of the creation are not singular in this practice of truckling to these very objects that have honoured our brows with the ensignia of cuckoldom ; but it must be remembered, that in these cases all depends upon the rank of the personage so offending ; now the reader should be given to understand that our Stag is an animal of

But now it happ'd the rev'rend sire
Of comely Stag must needs require,
That he one Doe should choose ;
Our Deer, though adverse to this she,
To old Buck needs must crouch the knee,
For he dar'd not refuse.

Thus fell dislike seems passing queer,
For throughout all the herd of deer,
Which thus our Stag had known,
Each Doe save this had hackney'd been,
In vile intriguings—filthy sin ;
While this prov'd chaste alone.

But some there are that have a taste
For *shes* by other males embrac'd,
With years and fat well laden ;
Whereas I think myself more bless'd,
When by sweet youth I am caress'd
And fondled by a maiden,

But in such cases there's no rule,
Each creature ranking fancy's tool ;
From which we must allow
There might be reason in the dame,
Whose taste it was—devoid of shame,
To kiss her brindled cow.

When old Nick drives, needs must, 'tis said,
Wherefore our Stag to Greenwood led,
This tender blushing Doe ;
But after staying night or twain,
He fled ; nor e'er return'd again,
Lord knows why he did so !

high quality and great acquirements among quadrupeds, in addition to which he is empowered to dispense the most essential and weighty obligations; wherefore this submission on the part of Bison was no more extraordinary than the conduct of courtiers among us enlightened beings, who for very cogent reasons pocket all affronts and dog the heels of him that has disgraced them.

But then it chanc'd in course of time,
 This She produc'd a kidling prime,
 That wax'd right fair to see ;
 She lov'd right well her parent Stag,
 Nor did the Doe e'er find it flag
 Right dutiful was she.

Our Deer meanwhile the game pursu'd,
 For stags worn out are always lewd ;
 Yet sometimes by the bye,
 In yielding to this lustful vein
 Poor Fetlock got a rueful sprain,
 And visage a *black eye*.

The forage now of *Jersey's* isle,
 Had long ceas'd wishes to beguile :
 So ranging counties o'er,
 He found what stomach did require
 Was center'd in great *Hertfordshire*,
 There fodder was in store.

So there my old Buck loves to graze,
 The *herd* thus filling with amaze ;
 While beasts and birds and fishes,
 Of antique Stag the darling pride,
 By great *Polito* are supplied
 To gratify his wishes.

So if ye will rare wonders see,
 Speed on to Park of Regency,
 For there the birds all flock ;
 The fishes in the clear lakes swim,
 While roaming beasts proclaim the hymn
 Of glory each the stock.

But lest poor animal John Bull
 Who ever hath been dense of skull,
 Each tribe should wish to learn ;
 I will explain without more fuss,
 Their natures all, from *Linnaeus*,
 Thus noting them in turn.

THE PENGUIN.*

MARK you that bird, more stupid far
Than goose ;—that apes the man of war,
Erect with outstretch'd fin ;
Which, though it holds the pinion's place,
Ranks but a symbol of disgrace,
Bespeaking the *Penguin*.

Its monstrous beak and vacant eye,
Dull symbols of the dolt imply ;
While amply stor'd the belly,
Bespeaks the treasures of the head,
With garbage fill'd and dense as lead,
A pond'rous cake or jelly.

* The Penguin of the English is known in ornithology by the name of the *Gorifugel*, or the *Alca Impennis* of *Linnaeus*.

This bird grows to the size of a goose, being black on the back, as a memorial of the castigation once inflicted by the cat-o'-nine-tails of John Bull-calf; while the stomach is covered with white plumage, a circumstance rather unaccountable, as this colour implies innocence; whereas the *Penguin* has frequently been guilty of the most flagrant crimes. The wings of this creature are extremely small for the bulk of its body, being the precise type of its powers in soaring above stupidity; which neither rank or title bestowed by the *pee wit* or naturalist will ever enable it to perform. Its long and broad beak is a designation of extraordinary capacity in swallowing, while the furrows or wrinkles appearing beneath the same, pourtray fatness or a double chin; across the head of this bird run two white lines, resembling a silly looking pair of swansdown eye-brows; while its tail is proverbial for shortness of dimension with all the females of its species. But to conclude: the *Penguin* is so determinately thick-headed that sailors will frequently go up to a flock of them upon the sea strand, when such is their extreme idiotism, that instead of making any attempt whatsoever to escape, they, on the contrary, suffer themselves to be knocked down by dozens with impunity; neither does the *Penguin* ever resist a woman's hand, who just does with the idiot as she pleases.

This clod-pole bird would fain be thought
A martial wight with tactics fraught,
But wits like vapour float ;
Whene'er besieg'd by vixen sly,
With mind acute and roguish eye,
Great *General PETTICOAT* ;

'Tis then our *Penguin's* valour flags,
For soon are emptied money bags,
In lavish bounty on her ;
While impudent as *queen of York*,
She clouts his scone as light as cork,
And bids him pawn his *honour*.

The *Penguin*, silly, stupid thing,
Thus dawdled on in leading-string,
Ne'er heeds where he is led,
Till *John Bull Calf*, with oaken stick,
On napper deals confounded lick,
And breaks the noodle's head.

Another petticoat I've seen,
Gaudy as that of *dimond's queen*,
Who has not run her tether ;
To this our *Penguin* sticks ;—his wishes
Inclining still to loaves and fishes,
Both parties of one feather.

Then who would not to *new Park* hie,
Where beasts, birds, fish salute the eye
Of every class and *genus* ;
For me I take a daily peep ;
Besides, us scribblers should not sleep,
But that, good friends, between us.

THE SPHINX*.

Tels sout mes sujets.†

WITH face, true symbol of a minx,
Behold the deep designing *Sphinx*,
Its glossy skin true beauty shews,
And lulls suspicion to repose;
Though outstretched claws to view impart
Insidious cunning of the heart,
While piercing eyes at once controul
The hidden secrets of the soul,
And as Grimalkin fooling mouse or cat,
So plays this *Sphinx* with ev'ry booby flat.

The rank of beast, though ne'er so great,
Fails to enshield him from his fate;
For when the *Sphinx* selects her prey,
The *Lion's whelp* must needs obey:
She takes no note of courtly graces,
Except thereby to compass—places,

* This wonderful animal is represented with the head and breasts of a beautiful woman, the wings of a bird, the claws of a lion, and the rest of the body in form of the latter beast; which characteristics are intended to pourtray fascination of the face and person, vivacity of manners, a soaring mind, and strength in retaining prey when once within the vortex of its uncommon powers. The *Sphinx* is supposed to have been engendered by *Pandora* and dispatched by *Johnny Bull Calf* to be revenged on the rapacity of a set of *harpies*, and more particularly one of princely dignity that infested an Island in the middle of the Ocean. It is said that the office of this creature was to propose and also unravel dark enigmatical questions through the medium of billets and curtain lectures; and as the story goes it made horrible ravages in the disclosures of circumstances, in a large assembly which, if duly followed up, might have caused a general devastation all over the land.—Many attempts have been made to annihilate the *Sphinx*, but all to no purpose, as she continues like the basilisk to fascinate with her eye, and entangle in her charms every animal that dares approach her.—It has been said that she even to the present moment complains of the treatment endured when in the neighbourhood of *York*; but all past sufferings are now compensated for, the *Sphinx* being in possession of the very Best of every thing.

† A celebrated seal used by our *Sphinx* represented *Cupid* riding upon a jack ass, over which appeared the above motto, being strictly applicable to our friend the *Penguin*.

And never deigns to show submission
 But for a *mitre*, or *commission*;
 In short, she'll play with ev'ry r—l lout,
 Like angler tittling belly of a trout.

But when the noble source is dry,
 And other optics truth descry,
 Her prey the *Sphinx* to fate resigns,
 And toil around him fast entwines :
 A proof—that honour binds in fetters,
 The damning evidence of letters ;
 And billets too, that make love clear,
 Commencing—" *Dearest, dearest, dear.*"
 A stile just suited to go hand in hand,
 With themes once penn'd by beast of *Cumberland*.*

The fool thus choused, our *Sphinx* proceeds
 To chronicle the ideot's deeds ;
 Collects an host of courtier's scrips
 And to the tell-tale printer trips ;
 When *old Buck* finding naught can dish her,
 And fearing kick up, sends *King Fisher**
 Who stops the Book, with monstrous bribe
 Intended for the *Bull Calf* tribe ;
 But *Sphinx* designing proves in this a pickle,
 Retaining still a precious rod to tickle.

* The choice correspondence which took place some years back between Lady Grosvenor and his grace the Duke of *Cumberland* must still be fresh in the mind of every reader who was at all conversant with the diurnal prints of that period.

† The recent despicable subserviency of this bird, who has now left the new park of the old Buck, to follow up the eastern chace, has completely disgraced him in the opinion of *Johnny Bull Calf's progeny*, who had for a great length of time regarded him as one of the few flowers that graced the flock ; whereas it is now manifest that the whole consisted in stage trick : for though leading brothers of the grand lodge in Great Queen-street may put on the apron of purity, and tickle the ears with sweet sands of faith, hope and charity, yet be it made known, that their precept and practice are two very different things : faith with them is centered in the terrestrial idol ; hope consists in a desire that power and peculation may long continue ; and on the score of charity, why that begins at home, and so terminates the courtly creed.

This animal though now *perdue*,
Keeps ne'ertheless her game in view,
A tale, good reader, she could tell
Would ring through *Old Buck's Park* a knell,
Dire as the clarion sound of trump,
That forth from graves will bid us jump;
A story fraught with pois'nous gall,
Casting at *seeming fair—black ball*:
Such is the mighty pow'r by Sphinx possess'd,
Who now has chang'd her state, from Bad to BEST.

REMARKS ON MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES;

WITH

HINTS TOWARDS THEIR AMELIORATION.

When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object of their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Ah! what a train of wretchedness ensues!

ROWE.

SIR,

As matrimony is a state which one half of society are in hopes of getting into, and, perhaps, no small portion of the remainder not less anxiously wishing, if they knew how, to cancel the obligation, there is no subject more deserving of discussion; nor can any thing be of greater consequence to all parties than to be set into a right path with regard to what they are solicitous to obtain on the one hand, or to the amending what they may be tired of on the other.

It is matter of serious regret, that many who move in very high and prominent spheres of life, and whose conduct is, in consequence, either the more exemplary or pernicious, according to the bias they take, should have so far forgotten that duty they owe to themselves and to the community, as to be wholly indifferent with regard to the opi-

nion of the world. Totally divested of the characteristic of shame, and spurning those checks that naturally spring from modesty, or arise from restraint, it is not uncommon for some married females to give loose to their wanton passions, and tread down those barriers which the wisdom of ages has found necessary for the well-being of social order. The love, "by long experience mellow'd into friendship," they seem totally estranged to. Hence we find the Gr——n——rs and the Li——n——rs of the last generation, can be equalled, if not excelled, in criminal gratifications by the H——ds, the J——ys, and a long train of *et ceteræ* belonging to the present day, and that by a species of refinement which, in a certain class of society, is almost universally countenanced and practised. And if at any time these modern standards of politeness are overtaken by a blush, it is not through a consciousness arising from misconduct, but because the wife may, by accident, be seen in company with the husband, or the husband be discovered with the wife.

To be acquainted with the consequences resulting from such reciprocal levities—(for I wish to be understood as inferring that the errors of the one sex, in this particular, frequently attach to the other)—we need only consult the journals of the day. Elopements, trials for crim. con., separations from bed and board, and applications for divorces, occupy a great portion of those ephemeral productions. But the cause is easily traced. An imprudence of choice with respect to mental qualifications, or a greater attention to worldly gain than to conjugal happiness, must ever be productive of such evils. And though it is admitted that marriage is in itself a desirable good—that it is an institution of Providence—was one of the first ordinances—and is the foundation of every tender tie which can dignify human nature, yet it must be acknowledged that there are few things so perfect in themselves, but are, from intervening circumstances, capable of producing contrary effects; and, of all others, nothing so much as wedlock, which ought to be that state of perfect

friendship, in which there exists, according to Pythagoras, "two bodies, with but one soul."

But whoever has paid any attention to the subject will find, that hypocrisy, however stale the device, has frequently a principal share in those transactions which are intended ultimately to lead to a union. The eyes and tongue, ever ready to perform their parts, call in the aid of dissimulation; and simplicity, which should be the garb of every honest passion, is too often banished from the thoughts. For "the whole endeavour of both parties during the time of courtship," says Dr. Johnson, "is to hinder themselves from being known, and to disguise their natural temper and real desires, in hypocritical imitations, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask; and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to think there has been some transformation on the wedding-night, and that, by a strange imposture, one has been courted and another married."

"Thus," continues the same elegant writer, "when I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and beds, without any enquiry but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball;—when parents make contracts for their children without enquiring after their consent;—when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please;—when some marry because their servants cheat them—some because they squander their own money,—some because their houses are pestered with company,—some because they will live like other people,—and some only because they are sick of themselves; I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears generally so little loaded with calamity."

These severe but just observations have been yet exceeded by other writers, who have positively termed it a sort of *prostitution*, where marriage is consummated on the part of the female for the sake of fortune. And the late Lord Lyttelton, whose maturity of judgment on any occasion will not be easily controverted, has advanced the same opinion:

“The most abandon’d prostitutes are they
Who not to love, but av’rice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
A maid so wedded is a wh—e for life!”

In short, the female who has a competence, pays herself but an ill compliment, when she changes her condition for superfluities, without some superior motive. It is neither honest nor just to marry where there is no affection.

Were every one duly to consider before-hand in what the comforts and conveniences of matrimony consist, the numerous misfortunes arising to interrupt the joys and destroy the peace of conjugal felicity, would be entirely obviated; at least so far as human prudence is capable of action. But, alas! it is a lamentable truth that the reverse is too often the case.

It has been justly observed, that “Marrying, *formerly*, was a nice thing—it was a settlement for life—a serious piece of business, and, in consequence, received a great deal of consideration. A man then took his wife, and the woman her husband, for better or for worse; the same house, the same table, the same bed, were common to them both. They were to be husband and wife during life. There was no coming off with separate maintenance--no reconciling a wife and family with the outward appearances and delights of a single life. But *now* it is only a commerce of convenience—a bargain struck up for augmentation of fortune; and so dependant on the inclination or profit of friends, that the parties brought together are consulted but at *second hand*; and hence it becomes a state only previous to separation. A deed of trust, or a suit in the Commons, dissolves the contract.”

By titles dazzled, or by wealth misled,
Minds ill agreeing shame the nuptial bed;
The fair obnoxious to a sire's command
When forced without her heart to yield her hand,
Beholds the guilty priest with weeping eyes,
Like Iphigenia drest for sacrifice.

JEFFREYS.

Thus, that admirable axiom seems entirely forgotten or neglected, "That marriage is the most solemn league of perpetual friendship—a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever: and that there can be no friendship without *confidence*, and no confidence without *integrity*."—And unless this be strictly attended to, it never will prove that "perpetual fountain of domestic bliss," so elegantly expressed by Milton.

But to prove, further, the impossibility of expecting happiness from such a mode of procedure, I will adduce a passage from Plutarch, which will, at the same time, shew the contempt that great biographer had of the custom which I have here made the ground of complaint, as well as the necessity of a resemblance in something more than the length of rent-rolls, to confirm that felicity which the conjugal state requires, and is certainly capable of producing.

"As a looking-glass, though set in a frame of gold, enriched with the most sparkling gems, is entirely useless, if it does not give back the exact similitude of the image it receives, so a wealthy portion ceases to be profitable, if the conditions, the temper, the humour of the wife, are not conformable to the natural disposition of the husband, and if he does not see his own mind represented in that of the wife."

In a word, without there exists a reciprocity of sentiment, a "smiling concord," as it has been beautifully termed, it is impossible to attain any pleasurable content, however ardent we may be in its pursuit, however solicitous for its attainment.

Thus having glanced at the folly of that mode of pro-

ceeding usually adopted in making the contract, and its utter impossibility of producing happiness, I will, by way of conclusion, make a few observations for the benefit of those who, having entered into that state with no other views than are here hinted at, could not but fail of meeting with what should ever be its primary object.

And first, it must be observed as a rule never to be transgressed, that whatever bickerings may take place between themselves, not to publish the failings or indiscretions of each other to the world; for neither husband nor wife will ever gain credit by the exposure. Indeed the majority of mankind have ever condemned the practice, fully aware that the disgrace must ultimately return on their own heads with accumulated weight.

“The quality most essential to conjugal felicity,” says Dr. Hawkesworth, “is good nature. It is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery.”—Good nature will also be found to exhibit virtue in the fairest light, to lessen the deformity of vice, and sometimes even to render supportable the observations of folly, or the remarks of impertinence.

Good humour, only, teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its slender chains a day:
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy and more strong
The willing heart, and, only, holds it long.

POPE.

A strict observance of modesty should also be a characteristic of every married female, and is an ingredient so essential to happiness, that a long train of evils will be the result where it is wanting. Its loss cannot be compensated by any charms of nature, nor any decorations from art: it is equally admired by the profligate and the

sober: it will extenuate many failings, and place every good quality in the most amiable point of view. And it should always be kept in mind, that though a man's passion may for a moment be captivated by the allurements of a wanton, his esteem can never be secured, nor his affection retained, where so necessary a qualification is wanting in the connubial state.

It should furthermore be considered, that the union is inviolable, and for life; and to preserve this union, and render it more harmonious and comfortable, a mutual esteem and tenderness, a reciprocal deference and forbearance, a communication of advice, assistance, and authority, are absolutely necessary. If both parties keep within their proper departments, there need be no disputes about power or superiority. They have no opposite, no separate interests, and therefore there can be no just ground for opposition of conduct.

Finally, as Plutarch has wisely counselled, and what has been before hinted at, "Sallies of passionate anger and keen reproaches should never be heard of in the household of the nuptial dwelling. Though a certain kind of austerity become the mistress of a family, yet it should be like the sharpness of wine, profitable and delightful; not like that of aloes, biting and ungrateful to the palate. And as the husband should sympathize in the joys and sorrows of the wife, so it is equally the duty of the wife to be sensible of the anxieties and pleasures of the husband: for, as knots are fastened by knitting the bows of a thread together, so the ligaments of conjugal society may be strengthened by the mutual interchange of kindness and affection."

Happy, thrice happy, they whose friendships prove
One constant scene of unmolested love;
Whose hearts, right-tempered, feel no various turns;
No coolness chills them and no madness burns;
But free from anger, doubts, and jealous fear,
Die as they live—UNITED AND SINCERE.

ORBERT.

And here, Sir, lest I may be thought too prolix, I shall for the present quit the subject. With your permission at some future period, I may perhaps resume it.

Yours, &c.

Aug. 6, 1813.

J. P.

HINTS TO SEA-BATHERS.

SIR,

HAVING occasion the other evening to call at a friend's house in the city, the following colloquy took place between me and one of the servants; which as it may operate as a caution to those who are not too headstrong to take a hint, I shall solicit from you the favour of inserting.

Is your master at home?—No, Sir; he is out of town.

Out of town, is he?—Yes, Sir; he is gone to Margate with Miss Harriet and my mistress.

Is his brother within?—O no, Sir; he is at Brighton, and we don't expect him back for a month.

Well, is the clerk at home?—No, Sir; he's gone to Vauxhall with a city party, but will be here about eleven or twelve to-morrow.

What, then, is there no man left for the safety of the house?—Yes, Sir; Joseph: but he's gone to Sadler's Wells with Betty.

And who, pray, are those two men I saw in passing the window?—One of them, Sir, is Betty's brother, and the other is my cousin.

This last answer was accompanied with that change of countenance which fully convinced me it was an untruth. However, I did not think it prudent to make any remark, and therefore immediately left the house.

Now, Mr. Editor, can it be any wonder that so many accounts reach us of houses being plundered, when the confidence that is placed in those left behind at this season of

the year is so shamefully abused? In what can the safety of property consist, if these *pretended brothers* and *cousins* gain so easy an admittance? Always upon the alert to impose upon the unwary, or take advantage of prevailing circumstances, there are numbers in the daily practice of making love to the servant for the purpose of plundering the master. Too much caution, therefore, cannot be exercised by those who thus occasionally consign their houses and effects, lest they should have at once to publish their credulity and their loss.

Yours, &c.

NOTA BENE.

THE CONTRAST;

OR

"*A BRACE OF MODERN PREACHERS.*"

Tom Drone and Jack Rant are both preachers divine,
Tho' different qualities having:—
Tom soon sets his audience asleep, with his whine;
Jack stuns all their ears with his raving!

Yet *both* the same words, the same doctrines retail,
(His sermons Jack buys at * L. Bragg's!)
But Tom slowly creeps thro' his task,—like a snail
While Jack tears the passion to rags!

Tom's tone's the monotonous bleat of a lamb;
Jack roars, like wild bulls, when you've caught 'em!
Tom minces politely—hell, devil, and damn;
Jack damns all your souls—to hell's bottom!—

The pair aptly remind me of Indian seas;
(Thank God, I've the comforts of them pass'd!)
Where you meet lazy calms—beats inflam'd by a breeze
Or are toss'd by monsoons in a tempest.

* The Sermon Manufactory.

NEW TAXES.

SIR,

EVERY man has the pleasure of reflecting that whether he walks or rides, or eats or drinks, he is a benefactor to his country. The necessities as well as the superfluities of life; the labours of the peasant and the pride of the noble, equally contribute to the national revenue, and it is impossible to mention any pleasure or convenience which can be enjoyed without contributing to the service of the state. The very sunshine which heaven beams upon the poorest wretch that breathes, under proper regulations becomes a fund of wealth to the community, as valuable as the productions that are imported from the remotest countries of the world. So that if the slender taper must at an early hour anticipate the gloomy evening; if the luxury of the table must be retrenched; the sallies of men of wit and pleasure must be restrained for want of the means of indulging them, upon what occasion more glorious can any inconvenience be endured than that of the public welfare? This consideration amply repairs all the losses and hardships of private and commercial life; converts every blank in the state into a first rate prize, and transforms the deserts of Germany into fruitful plains.

If any should complain of the enormity of our expences, let him remember that the demands of war are insatiable, and that an increasing kingdom like a growing family will require innumerable supplies. Fancy and taste have created a thousand imaginary necessities, which were unknown to our ancestors; and such have been our habits of profusion and extravagance, that with the utmost exercise of frugality we can scarcely accommodate our expences to our situation in life. It would be malicious to draw a comparison between the homely age of Queen Elizabeth, and these free, polite, and gallant times; and very misanthropic to suppose that we are obliged to

pay more than we can afford, or that our grandeur will not support that boundless generosity for which we are so generally known. How could our ministers sustain the weight of public business with so much spirit and cheerfulness; or our warriors endure so many fatigues, and be exposed to so many dangers, or Lord Castlereagh be rewarded for expeditions to Walcheren, if they were not eminently recompenced for such signal services? How could we capture forts, conquer colonies, maintain armies, and support kings without being liberal of our honors and treasures? Those who repine at the burthen of taxes, do not call to mind how many able writers, ruined but faithful patriots, honest but ruined merchants must fall to the protection of the government. It would be ungrateful in the highest degree for the prince or the ministers of England to discard the needy but loyal retinue of a court, the *casual* but generous sons of the nobility, or the brave defenders of a party; to say nothing of the obligations we are under to our representatives in parliament.

Now it is evident that all these debts of honour and gratitude cannot be discharged without the generous contributions of the people; but at a time when the exigencies of the state are augmented by the menaces of our enemies, or the distresses of our friends; when our allies prefer a dangerous neutrality to the conditions of a solemn and deliberate treaty; when the monarch of France once more presents himself to astonished and afflicted Europe in the attitude of vengeance; when we are insulted by America; and pledged to the defence and deliverance of the Peninsula, no taxes will surely be deemed too heavy, no demands too exorbitant to be received by the British people with murmuring or reluctance. Ten thousand resources will be opened in which the honest Briton will be proud to display his attachment to his country, his generosity, and his love of glory.

It is from these considerations that I have made it my study to devise some schemes by which the annual sup-

plies of the nation might be extended to an incalculable amount, and continued till the fever of ambition has subsided, and the tyrant of Europe is restored to proper temper and coolness. It has been generally imagined that the most equitable mode of raising the demands of the nation, was to spare the labourer and the mechanic, and to tax the indolent and the wealthy, or in other words to oblige every subject to contribute in proportion to his fortune. With this view *fetes*, equipages, routs, opera and play-house tickets, celibacy, dogs, servants, and all the indulgences of capricious greatness, should be liable to certain duties for the service of the state ; but as it has been found by experience that such duties are incapable of being levied, we must endeavour to find resources from a different quarter. It has been proved by Mandeville that private vices are public benefits ; and another great genius has attempted to demonstrate that luxury is productive of innumerable benefits to society, and to load them therefore with heavy fines by repressing them to deprive society of their advantageous influence. I have thought however of an expedient, which I refer not to the committee of ways and means, but to the committee of private politicians, which assembles every day throughout the whole nation to debate on the public welfare. Since vice is not to be checked by pecuniary impositions, we must see what benefit can be obtained from virtue.

Great Britain having passed through the successive stages of industry, honour, liberty, trade, power, wealth, and splendour, scarcely yields in eminence to those ancient republics which commanded the dread and admiration of the world. The homely collations of rural temperance are out of date, the dread of futurity has vanished ; wealth has become the only standard of merit : the rugged inflexibility of our ancient manners is softened into assiduous and habitual courtesy, and the prejudices of education have yielded to the influence of universal gentility. Yet there are many principles and practices which are still capable of improvement, and several

barbarous customs still remain to betray that ignorance and simplicity from which we have been slowly emerging into refinement.

Fashion and taste have long set before us in vain the most finished models of politeness which are still almost unknown: so that we cannot expect to be perfectly accomplished till all singularities are discountenanced by correspondent penalties. In spite of the example of the great world, and in defiance of fashionable philosophy, there are many who openly frequent places of worship, censure the amusements of Sunday as profane, explode the most expressive and graceful oaths, condemn gambling, deny the lawfulness of certain freedoms between the sexes, and endeavour to ridicule several other customs accordant with the best taste, and with an intimate knowledge of the world. To prevent much deviation from fashionable customs, and to contribute as much as possible to the resources of my country, permit me, Mr. Editor, to propose that those individuals who refuse to conform to the laws and usages of polite society shall forfeit such sums as may by certain judges appointed for the purpose, be deemed convenient. The various descriptions of delinquents may be classed under the following heads. First. Individuals possessed of independent fortunes who penuriously confine the circulation of their incomes within the bounds of mean-spirited economy, or hoard them for the benefit of posterity in contempt of those polite places of rendezvous which are erected for relaxation from business, the reduction of immoderate possessions, and the more speedy conveyance of estates from one party to another.

Secondly. Every lady of family and distinction who through a strange and singular attachment to a person whom she calls her husband, shall resist the civil request of any gentleman who does himself the honour to be enamoured of her person, shall be considered as offering a violent indignity to the great world, and be levied on according to the wilfulness of the offence.

Thirdly. As it is not found convenient to spend the first day of the week in a pensive and melancholy mood, it would be expedient in my opinion to fine all ladies and gentlemen who chuse to remain absent from the chearful and innocent amusements of *at homes* and parties of pleasure, and to visit churches and conventicles, when they mix with the vulgar and the superstitious, and contract ideas abhorrent from all the laws of fashionable intercourse. And though it should be proved that their intention was only to display a new suit, stare down a belle, or make an assignation, the flagrant indecorum of their non-attendance at more appropriate scenes of gaiety and ostentation, shall be subject to a penalty adequate to the enormity of so marked an opposition to the religion and worship of high life.

Fourthly. All ladies and gentlemen that shall refuse to avail themselves in gaming of the ingenuity of their address, the quickness and sharpness of their perception, or the ignorance of their adversaries, shall be looked upon as guilty of scandal and censure to their company, and be obliged to pay for so odious and puerile insensibility to every polished and fashionable duty.

Fifthly. All that dare to call the *presents* of the state bribes and pensions, and pretend to serve their country from none but generous and public-spirited motives, at a time when patriotism is the object of universal ridicule, and interest is regarded as the only laudable spring of great actions, shall be considered as only tending to convey a tacit reflection on the characters of men in high stations, and be subject to a penalty equal to so great an offence.

Such, Sir, is an outline of a scheme which if it be adopted with vigor and sagacity will produce by its results the redemption of the national debt, and the triumph of Britain over every foreign and domestic enemy. In return, Sir, for so valuable a discovery, permit me to say, that the remuneration I expect are such as from their moderation would excite surprize in the bosom of a modern

statesman, and that the title and emoluments of *commissioner* general for payment of the national debt will be received with gratitude by your most obedient servant,

A LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY.

London, Aug. 16th, 1813.

REFLECTIONS ON THE STATE OF EDUCATION AND THE CRIMINAL LAWS.

CONTEMPLATING the barbarous outrages upon human life which have latterly disgraced our annals and deteriorated something from our national character, we have been induced to inquire into the alarming progress of the atrocious evil, to look into its source, to analyze its constituents in the mind, and to endeavour to ascertain the remedy.

We have been led into a long train of reflection, and detected, in our belief, a variety of constituent causes, which, weakening the susceptibility of human nature, relaxing the ties of connection, and familiarising the ears and sight to human blood, render the crime of murder less hideous, the throes of conscience less acute; but no causes in our mind are more forcibly foundative than the state of education in the kingdom of Ireland and remote towns in England, and the weak laws framed to protect the life of the subject; laws, which in their operation, are febrile in example, and cannot be expected to restrain—they by no means deter. The murderer expiates with less suffering than he inflicted, and goes to his fate prepared and consoled by religion.

A defective education is unquestionably the first cause, and deserving the first inquiry, as confining a class of our fellow creatures in a state of barbarous ignorance, while the progress of civilization is advancing with all the other classes.

He, born in an obscure town, who, nurtured into common

habits, and brought up unlettered and incapable of discrimination in nicer matters of right and wrong, forming no adequate notion of the links and gradations of society; when his reason begins to dawn, which is embruted by an imperfect sense of his inferiority, discerns the disparity of situation between himself and the more fortunate, at once imbibes a fractious hate, a feverish and cankered malignity, his mind is already half made up to the commission of crime; and the construction of the laws, while they are calculated to restrain lesser perpetrations, eminently favouring the greater, perfects what neglected education has begun.

In those uncivilized regions where letters are unknown, where nature in her wildest garb prevails, the only provocation to murder are the passions, the stronger passions, such as jealousy and revenge: man is not murdered without a motive stimulative of his destruction, he is not killed for the possession of his baubles, but that he has aroused resentment, excited hate, and stands in the way of a rival; but his fall is not marked by subtlety and cunning, it is not attended with those barbarous circumstances which disgrace more civilized society; it is more bold, and approaches to the heroic. When letters have partly enlightened, and civilization prescribed without improving the mind or the condition, there springs the tainting vice, there it thrives, and gives birth to a malignancy of disposition, a subtlety of cunning subversive of social regulations, and the first principles of human nature. Man in a savage state, upon whom the light of letters is merely shed, who sees but does not feel their influence, is like the untrained horse, travelling in shafts, restive and vicious. His reasoning faculties are sharpened by chagrin and disappointment; he knows nothing of reflection, but covets the property of his neighbour as the means of that happiness which the neighbour enjoys; he considers a robbery on the rich as only criminal according to law, but not according to equity or right; and his subtlety is directed to the evasion of the penalties of his turpitude.

Bad passions, not natural to the human heart, germ with civilization: one of them is avarice, from which flows crime in a thousand forms, propensities of an evil nature, and allurements pregnant with visionary pleasures on a mind semi-barbarous; they cannot fail in rooting, because education has done no more than sharpened the thirst for gratification, awakened unrestrained desire, and given birth to fraud and cunning. Pope says "a *little* learning is a dangerous thing," and the remark will equally apply to that stage of civilization where the darkness of barbarianism is merely penetrated by the light of reason, and no more.

Let the stores of education have free ingress into the peasant's cabin; let the government of the country busy itself in spreading the blessing among the indigent, and those lower orders of society who *know* enough to feel the abjectness of their condition, and to draw a comparison between themselves and their superiors: the mind will be tutored to virtue, to just discrimination, and to industry; the aptness for vice will cease, and crime will become less familiar and more odious.

It is education alone which can train the mind into the track of virtue, and the paths of social conduct, and it should be early imprinted on the young mind. With reading should be instilled just notions of integrity, and right ideas of things; the passions should be taught to be subservient to reason, the pleasures of sense confined within proper limits, and the reflective faculty stimulated into action. The most vicious mind, thus operated on in youth, cannot but yield pliantly to instruction in the end; but if the passions are not subdued, if a morose, sullen, and subtle disposition cannot be rendered altogether tractable, yet the crime of murder would be shuddered at; outrages upon human life cannot but be contemplated with horror, impeded by conscience, and committed only in rare and uncommon instances.

Such is the state of education among the lower classes

of society in this kingdom, that to read and write imperfectly is considered all that is necessary ; and thousands are denied even this trifling advantage, either from expence which the parent is unequal to, or some other cause equally as important to the labourer. Children then are reared in ignorance, nurtured in the waywardness of their nature, their minds left to mature and form according to its own inclination, uncivilized in the midst of civilization, obliged to conform to laws and regulations which they understand no more than in their effect ; and goaded by restraint, by the captiousness of masters, and the evidence of disparity in birth and station, malignant feelings are nurtured against their superiors, and opportunity gratified, either in matters of robbery or revenge.

These are the minds which the criminal laws of the country are for the most part made to restrain, and how adequate they are in preventing the commission of crime, the sessions papers and the home news of the day will best inform ; but we believe they are not adequate, they may restrain crime of lesser magnitude, but they stimulate greater. Whether a man steals forty shillings in a dwelling-house, five shillings on the highway, or takes away the life of a fellow creature, his sentence is the same. Man in the act of robbery has a strong incitement to murder ; the fear of detection, the fear of his person being known and recognized : these will operate forcibly upon his mind, and the law will not deter him from murder, because robbery alone subjects him to the same penalty.

It may be argued that robbery, unless attended by some very atrocious circumstance, will not be visited by the utmost penalty ; but this is not the question : so the law stands, and the criminal expects the worst—he in his mind does not draw the distinction of circumstances. Every man consoles himself with not being the most hardened of his species ; every man can point out some one whom he considers as more atrocious than himself.

To conclude, we offer it as our opinion that the law as it at present stands, subjecting man to the penalty of death for minor crimes, is favourable to the commission of murder; and that thus the life of the peaceable and honest subject is not duly protected against the aggressions of the desperate ruffians who disgrace our times.

REVOLUTIONS OF FASHIONABLE PHRASES.

SIR,

I HAVE remarked among the fair sex, that certain words like the fashion of their clothes obtain a temporary circulation, and are for some time particular favorites: they have their periods of popularity, and then give place to some other production of fashionable caprice. I remember that at an early period of my life the word *poz* reigned absolute, and was supposed to give a peculiar grace to every expression; for there was not a single phrase employed by the gay or the polite, of which it did not form the emphatical constituent. *I am horridly out of humor, poz; there is not a better tempered creature, poz; I'll pay Miss B. a visit, poz; nothing's prettier, poz; I will have my own way, that is poz.* were at one time the prevailing phrases of lively conversation. That lady would have been regarded as deficient in good breeding who did not pay a proper respect to *poz*; and *poz* had obtained such an ascendant, that in the opinion of many wise and able judges, no other word would be able to supplant it. But *tempora mutantur, et poz mutatur in illis*: *poz* was banished without the least crime being laid to its charge, and without being permitted to shew reason for its continuance, and *charming* became the favorite of the ladies. Every thing was charming. I remember a young lady in the country, who informed me that they had a *charming* sow, which had farrowed twelve *charming* pigs, *charmingly* pretty, and she was a *charming* nurse, and the *charming* rogues were *charmingly* fat, and desired I would go with her and see w^t at a *charming* stie

she possessed. *Charming*, which for a time was as much caressed as its predecessor *poz* had been, met with the same fate, was discarded and made away for *in life*. The prettiest ribbands *in life*, the neatest snuff-box *in life*, the most convenient house *in life*, the finest blanc-mange *in life*. Nothing sounded well unless it was accompanied with *in life*, and the beauty of the phrase was regarded as an excuse for the absurdities it introduced into discourse. But *in life* was entirely undone by an unfortunate accident. Mrs. Minikin, crossing the parade in the Park, heard a shoe-boy declare that he had the finest blacking *in life*. On the representation, therefore, of this young lady, *in life* was immediately cashiered, and *creature* succeeded to its post. Every thing was a *creature*. Bring other cards, these *creatures* are not clean. Laud, how the *creature* looks! Where has the *creature* been? Whata *creature* of an apron has she got on. No utensils in a house, no ornament of the body, nothing of dress existed but as a *creature*: a hood or a frying-pan, a stone wall or a prayer-book, a pair of slippers or a pair of bellows, passed under the common appellation of *creature*; and the same appellation was applied to the lady and her cook, the gentleman and his footman. But *creature* was deservedly thrown out of favor because it loved low company, and was as often found in the scullery as at the toilet: and it is credibly reported that Mrs. Boehm's under cook was heard to exclaim, "what a *creature* of a dish-clout!" On the downfall of *creature*, *vastly* succeeded to the favor of the public: how *vastly* narrow are these streets; how *vastly* slow you walk; oh! it's *vastly* ugly; *vastly* clean, *vastly* witty; and to complete the climax *vastly* little. But *vastly* did not continue long in favour before it was elbowed out by *hideous*. There was a *hideous* full house, but no wonder, for it was a *hideous* good play; the author has a *hideous* deal of wit, and the first female actress is *hideous* beautiful. On the exit of *hideous*, *yes to be sure*, came on the stage of life; but as that word, and *I can't chuse, do you think so*, which had their turns, served only

In responses, they were but of little duration. *That's my way of thinking*, flourished a considerable time with a very good grace. To *that's my way of thinking* succeeded *that's the affair*, which was appended to every sentence, whatever its meaning or connection. I am very much indisposed, *that's the affair*; Miss P. was observed to be very partial to the dark walks, *that's the affair*; and I am determined upon going to the Opera, *that's the affair*, were familiar; and to those who used these intelligible phrases, *that's the affair* was soon superseded by the epithet *shocking*, which was applied to every subject and circumstance that could possibly occur, without regard to propriety or grammar. The Prince looked *shockingly* beautiful; it is a *shocking* warm day; the fete was *shockingly* delightful; he is a *shocking* good actor; I vow that these melons are *shocking* good, were the exclamations of the popular models of fashionable imitation. In the place of *shocking*, *bore*, *tremendous*, *magnanimous*, *honor*, *so much for that!* and a thousand other anomalies were afterwards in vogue, till at length all other varieties of idiom gave way to *I know something*. The general reception, however, of this phrase was not obtained without violent opposition: for I was in company with about a dozen misses the other evening, and the pretensions of each side being fairly stated by Squire Simple, Miss Gravity said, that in her opinion *so much for that* was an expression of much more complaisance than *I know something*; the former being a gentle manner of assertion, the latter more abrupt: nor indeed, had she met for the last thirty-five years a phrase more useful in discourse, or more becoming a young lady, who ought from respect to her elders, to submit to their experience, and acquiesce in the judgment they had formed from a long course of observation. "Bless me," (exclaimed Miss Weezle,) "how you talk, as if you were in the days of good queen Bess. I am, I own, a friend to *I know something*, for the reason you assign for your dislike. It carries with it a *je ne sçai quoi* freedom which

is extremely graceful and engaging. *I know something*, has something in it so prettily blunt, so good-naturedly unmannerly, and indicates so friendly an abruptness, that I wonder it is not received and approved of by the ladies with universal acclamation. What is looked upon as more genteel than what was called by our grandmothers a *horse-laugh*? what more polite than what they would have called *bawling*, and would have brought on the trite reprimand, *were you born in a paper-mill*? What is more graceful than the careless toss of the leg across the knee, the indolent loll on a patent sofa, the engaging negligence of a morning undress, and the dear freedom of calling men of rank and distinction *fellows*? with a great many other innocent liberties, which would have been condemned some time ago as indications of reprehensible levity, if not of shameless and flagrant immodesty. I could extend the catalogue of modern advances to perfect freedom to an amazing extent, and could say much to convince you that liberties of speech are as allowable as liberties of action, but—*I know something!*"

The speech of Miss Weezle was received with acclamation, and *I know something* unanimously admitted among the phrases that become the eccentricity of female manner, and the spirit of girlish vivacity.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SIMON SOBERSIDES.

MOTTOS.

Fiel pero desdichado.—EARL TH*N*T.

Unhappy yet faithful.

How fate doth lower,

When in some Tower

A great man lingers sappy;

He looks to view,

So wondrous *blue*,

He tells ye he's unhappy.

'Tis then he'll sigh,
 And pipe his eye,
 While dubbing Fortune jade O!
 That he should be
 Of liberty
 Thus 'reft by barricado.

Odd's curse the day,
 I fell a prey,
 And leagu'd with men unruly*;
 Since now I nope,
 Bereft of hope
 For having acted truly.

Those rebel dogs
 Like cursed clogs,
 Have thus drawn in their betters;
 But free'd once more
 From prison's door,
 And actions quite unfetter'd---

O may the rope
 Prove my best hope,
 And be my end, if ever
 I join again
 With such base men,
 And for their good endeavour.

The vow thus spoke
 Was never broke,
Unhappy then no longer;
 He joyful sings
 For best of kings,
Faithful's my mind and stronger.

* The ebullition of youth has too frequently instigated a glowing mind to advocate the cause of the undeserving, by applying the name of friendship to that which had nothing but headstrong impetuosity to recommend it. Many noble characters have become the dupes of such specious hypocrites, and thus forfeited not only their fortunes but their lives in support of illusive and unjustifiable principles. The *mania*, however, is now at an end; and I have only to congratulate those who have escaped the threatening danger, and learned, by experience, that a real patriot is ever strenuous in supporting

Boutez en avant.—EARL B*RR*M*RE.

Put forward.

If ever the night-shade of deadly renown,
Put forward its buds to the view,
 Or thistle presented its deep wounding crown,
 Methinks both wellworthy of you.
 From boyhood no buddings of virtue appear'd
 To blazon a family shield* ;
 That crest long renown'd, by low actions was sear'd,
 And gambling on Newmarket's field.
 Nor let me pass o'er an alliance so sad,
 From whence is to spring a new seed ;
 I fear whether *lady* or even a *lad*,
 'Twill bring but a queer pied-ball breed† !
 Then heigh tally-ho for the goal of contempt,
Put forward, put forward, I say ;
 From folly 'tis plain thou wilt ne'er prove exempt,
 Since such is the race of thy day.

the liberties of his country, even in the most perilous times, while rebels only seek its subversion, in order to elevate themselves amidst a chaos of universal anarchy and confusion.

Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod jure liceat.

Cicero.

* Such amiable amusements as roasting cocks alive, riding horses to death, getting drunk with grooms, and receiving a pair of black eyes in pursuing the renowned study of pugilism, may be well calculated to blazon the escutcheon of a fellow who makes his exit at the Old Bailey, but how far they may tend to elevate rank and title in the public estimation, is a point which I shall leave my readers to decide.

† “ Tell me your company, and I'll tell you what you are,” is one of those sterling adages that has received the sanction of many generations, and must always prove a just criterion to ascertain the pursuits of your neighbour. It is by no means uncommon to find a dissolute nobleman associate with a gambler and horse-jockey ; who, having lost his money, as long as he had money to lose, has still continued to shake the elbow until an *honourable debt* of ten or twelve thousand pounds has enabled the jockey to palm his wife's daughter or niece, or what you will, upon the man of title ; who thus raises to rank a mere washer-woman, in order to cancel the *debt of honour* above mentioned, which is *most liberally tendered* by way of a marriage-settlement ; as, in case of refusal to this alliance, an *execution* on the property of my lord must have swept off the few remaining sticks that were left upon the premises.

ON CHRISTIANITY.

• And the *disciples* were first called CHRISTIANS at *Antioch*.•

THERE not being any particular reason assigned why this title was given to the espousers of the doctrines of Jesus, it is not absolutely determinable in this remote lapse of time ; nevertheless a conjecture may be formed, without committing any great violence upon probability, that the term was originally cast upon them by way of reproach, especially if it is allowable to draw an inference from a comparison of ancient to modern manners. In that early era it may reasonably be assumed the aberrations from the true point were very trifling, and that the placid manners and well regulated lives of those, not unlikely then denominated innovators, threw too glaring a light on the corrupt practices of their fellow inhabitants the profligate Pagans and Jews of that populous city. Doubtless, at that day CHRISTIANS were distinguishable from the surrounding mass of mankind principally by their strict adherence to the precepts enjoined by their institutor : it was not then necessary to say *what is he*?

Various have been the assumptions of blood-stained dignities ; the usurpations of ill-fitting titles, within the last 2000 years ; but, far above the rest in point of flagrant preeminency is the appellation of the term CHRISTIAN unto beings whose general conduct would have thrown into shade the vilest atrocities of the darkest stage of Heathenism. Let it for a moment be enquired, *What constitutes a true CHRISTIAN* ? Is it the ceremony used at baptism, the sprinkling of, or immersion in water, the promises of parents or sponsors in the presence of God?—No—It is an actual conformity to the precepts, and an undeviating obedience to the tenets laid down by the founder of CHRISTIANITY. Can any thing be more absurd, or in reality more criminal, than for a man to aspire at the title of a CHRISTIAN, who is totally regardless of every

duty indispensably attachable thereunto, or a **stranger** to the obligations which are particularly enjoined by the name? May I presume to take the liberty of asking, with what propriety can the various sects of religion in this kingdom call themselves **CHRISTIANS**, when, in the unremitted rancour which they constantly entertain towards one another, they utterly destroy that universal principle of charity which ought to be the foundation, nay, which must, in fact, be the very essence of their belief?—With what propriety can the miser, starving amidst the accumulation of countless thousands, stile himself a **CHRISTIAN**, if his ear is turned away from the sigh of affliction, or his heart unaffected with the tear of distress?—**CHRISTIANITY** inculcates the relief of the wretched; and without a behaviour entirely consonant to the duties of this belief, what possible pretension can he advance to a title so exalted?—Will the most regular and scrupulous attendance on the place of his public worship, be it whatever it may, exculpate the oppressor of the *widow* and the *fatherless*, or give the name of **CHRISTIAN** to the villain who infamously lifts a dagger to the breast of his benefactor, or basely strives to murder the *reputation* of his *friend*? Can the wretch who perfidiously neglects an *amiable wife*, the mother of *his children*, one whom he as solemnly vowed to love and to cherish, but whom he deserts for the meretricious blandishments of a *strumpet*; dare such an one, however armed with ensigns of power, or decorated with the trappings of dignity, assume the rank of **CHRISTIAN**?—Can the betrayer of unsuspecting innocence reflect on the pangs inflicted on that bosom which heaved for him alone, can he view the victim of his faithless asseverations wandering without assistance, without comfort, without bread—the **door** of that once hospitable, affectionate paternal home for **ever** closed against her, instead of the welcome smile of friendship, now exposed to all the pitiless upbraidings of a relentless world, to aggravate the severity of her own reflections, and possibly plunged in the additional misery of fostering an unconquerable

affection for the monster by whom she has been so cruelly undone?—Can the sordid miscreant, who having gained the pure affection of a lowly but virtuous maiden, at the beck of *interest* abandons her to despair, on the stimulus of *avarice* hurls her to distraction or perhaps to suicide?—Can the insidious serpent who worms himself into the credulous confidence of a husband for no other purpose but to attempt or accomplish the seduction of the wife—dashing for ever from the lip the draught of peace—poisoning each source of joy—and withering, as it springs, each bud of hope? Can, I say, the perpetrators of acts like these, under the sanction of a rigid attention to the several formulæ of their different rituals, sit down calmly satisfied with the rectitude of their behaviour and presume to call themselves CHRISTIANS? Horrid! If any man thus culpable can be so presumptuously daring, it is extremely doubtful whether he be most an infidel or an idiot.

In all the different sects professing the christian faith, there is no inconsiderable number of, doubtless, well meaning people, who give themselves much uneasiness and harass their ideas rather unconscionably about the ultimate fate of the disciples of Mahomet and Brahma, and are most grievously afflicted lest the American savages should be shut out from divine favour—But let these good self-tormentors set their hearts completely at rest on that subject: examine but the *candid sincerity* of the first, the *irreproachable tenor of conduct* in the second, and the *rough impregnable integrity* of the last; then let *cultivation* blush a treble scarlet! and *nominal christians* hide the head in dismay. An *all-wise, all-merciful, and all-just* Being will only require *much*, where *much* has been given.

As the shadow waiteth on the substance, so is *moral honesty* the never failing attendant upon *christianity*: he who is devoid of the former has not the most distant pretension to the latter; and, be it ever remembered, that, he who hates, scoffs at or impugns his fellow mortal, either on the score that he professes not *christianity*, or because

he differs from him in opinion, upon points merely speculative, be his outward conformity to *rites* and *ceremonies* whatever it may, is not himself a **CHRISTIAN**.

JUNIUS.

Southwell, 19th Aug. 1813.

LOSSES DURING THE FETE AT VAUXHALL.

EVERY sense of decency, duty, and propriety, in the marked reception by the higher classes of the company of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

The wits of the Reverend and learned Sir B— D—, while he was squeezing the hand of a cherry-cheeked apple-woman, and abusing one of the players.

A lady's heart, which was swept away by the skirt of an officer of the Guards, and supposed to be in the possession of dear delightful Captain K—, whose person is as fine as his air is noble. If he will be so kind as to return it to Miss B. in Soho-square, the obligation will be acknowledged in any manner most agreeable to his inclinations.

The humility of a bishop, while he was exclaiming against the blindness of the ministry to virtue, dignity, and learning, and reprobating the rumoured preferment of Dr. Prettyman to the bishopric of London.

The reputation of a young lady as she was carelessly conversing with Th— H— in the dark walks. Whoever brings it to Miss C—, in New-court, Drury-lane, shall receive, as a reward, two dollars, which is more by three shillings than it is worth.

The discretion of the manager of a certain theatre, as he was publicly sitting with one of the figurantes; his wife on one side, and his mistress on the other. His understanding has been missing some time, and if any body can give the least account of either, the favour will be thankfully acknowledged by every lover of dramatic entertainments.

The appetite of an alderman, after eating three large dishes of turtle soup, and only two pounds of cold ham.

The importance of the Lord Mayor, as he was walking side by side with a man of rank.

The justice of a magistrate, not many miles from Covent-garden, who, while the titled rabble were passing their time in gormandizing and dissipation, directed a posse of constables to take up and disperse a party of poor fellows who were innocently regaling themselves with a tankard of porter, and drinking a continuation to the happiness of their country.

The character for dexterity of several distinguished pickpockets.

The modesty of a celebrated tragedian, in offering his arm to the Countess of Buckinghamshire.

The chastity of several females of all ages and conditions, on their return from the fete.

By the D. of Y—.The honor of a prince in permitting his sister-in-law to enter so public an assembly without performing the duties of a brother and a gentleman.

And last, but not least, the time of all the company present.

H.

GENIUS IN NEGLECT, OR THE HISTORY OF SCRIBBLEWELL.

SIR,

I believe that it has been the misfortune of many besides myself to be bred to an employment for which they are unfit, and without any regard to their constitution and abilities to be fixed in some determined station of life almost as soon as they come into the world. It was an opinion of the ancients that two or three old women whom they called the Fates, began to spin the destiny of every mortal at the moment of his birth, and what they once had wrought was unsusceptible of change.

If there be no truth in the fable itself, there was some foundation for its rise in the common practice of disposing of an infant before he is able to decide respecting his destination; for while the Fates themselves have no more respect for a king than for a cobbler, and usher the one into the world with as little ceremony as the other, it is easy for every fond parent to form what prepossessions she pleases in favor of her bantling, and from a thousand accidental circumstances to collect the omens of his future greatness. The only prognostications which deserve any credit, the capacity and inclination of the youth in question, are neglected, and an idle whim, or a simple presage, will guide the decision of the parents against plain reason and common sense. One father determines to educate all his sons for the law, another for the army, and a third consecrates them to the service of the church, according as each believes that he is doomed to propagate a race of legislators, saints or heroes. A mother dreams of lawn sleeves, and therefore her boy must go to the university, and if he has not a great deal more of good fortune than merit on his side, the chances are considerable, that after drudging with infinite labour through his college exercises, he will starve in the decline of age on some paltry curacy.

From this misconduct it arises that we see so many uncouth and motley characters on the stage of life; and as in a drama where all the parts are assigned by lot, the clown steps into the robes of the monarch, Adonis struts in the armor of a general, and Hannibal acts the part of a Bond-street lounge; the statesman sinks into a lackey, and a buffoon runs away with the habit of a philosopher. How often has the profound casuist been lost under a woollen cap and a greasy apron; the lawyer become a retailer of hay and garden-stuff, and the hero been confined to the drudgery of book-making; and by as singular a reverse, we see others carrying a green bag, who were intended by nature to bear a musquet; pleaders puzzling a cause at Westminster-hall, who would

have been much more useful in the humble capacity of small-coalmen; and individuals who would have distinguished themselves in Change-Alley as commercial men, elevated into a pulpit! How many dictators are condemned to the plough-tail, without once having the good fortune, like Cincinnatus, to be called from their humble occupation to the service of their country; and how many are there to be found of those useless cyphers who just serve to fill up a seat in the house, or a blank in the commission, while they rob nature of her dues, and could be employed no where so properly as in breaking up and fertilizing the ground!

I am descended of no considerable family; my kindred were most of them very poor but very honest, and having neither wealthy relatives, nor any friends who were capable of promoting my advancement by their interposition, would you believe it, Sir, I was absolutely designed for a tailor? To tell you the truth, my father does not understand Latin, nor my mother French—the one has sometimes made me blush by mistaking Johnson the poet for Johnson the moralist; and the other confounded me when I have been talking about the genius of Thomson, by exclaiming that she could not conceive what made me so partial to a poor dirty tea-dealer.

Well, Sir, my father and mother although they had as little money as wit, contrived to get me under the tuition of Mr. Spintext, by whose wholesome admonitions and frequent cudgellings, I at length, thanks to his severity, got through a sufficient quantity of Latin to be able to write some very classical verses, and to gain the applause of my master and my schoolfellows by repeating extempore, "*Vox veritatis ad solem volat.*" When I had now sufficiently qualified myself to astonish my companions by the splendor of my talents, I thought that it was time to throw off the shackles imposed on me by my schoolmaster; I returned home to silence my father's wisdom by my new-earned learning, and to confound my mother's volubility by a scrap of Greek.

My father, however, notwithstanding my abilities, my rhetoric, and my gravity, actually insisted on my chusing a profession; and to the disgrace and ignominy of genius, the succeeding year brought the philosophical, the learned, and the penetrating Sylvester behind the desk of an attorney. You may easily imagine, Mr. SCOURGE, that a situation like this, was to a man of my spirit intolerable. Necessity, however, has no *law*. I soon resolved to make myself as comfortable as I could, to learn the quirks of conveyancing, to retire upon the estates of my clients, and then to astonish the world by my scurrilities.

But luckily for me a scene was opened to my view, which made me entertain much higher expectations. A sonnet which I had written having fallen into the hands of Mr. Spintext, the parson of the parish, he did me the honor to declare that it was very grammatically and cleverly composed. You will readily imagine, Sir, that such a flattering encomium as this made a proper impression on my mind. I now employed all my leisure hours courting at the same time philosophy and the muses. Various were the acrostics, the rebuses, and the odes, which I distributed among my friends, all of whom expressed their delight and admiration. I now grew a little bolder, and had at length the satisfaction of seeing my charades in the Monthly Museum, and my amatory pieces in a conspicuous part of the Weekly Pasquinade. You will not suppose, Mr. SCOURGE, that I was indifferent to such multiplied honors. I justly thought that to obscure myself in the vulgarity of business would be like a pearl remaining in an oyster-shell. I therefore resolved as soon as my apprenticeship should expire, to commence my literary career with some notable production which I resolved to write during the intervals of business. This last undertaking, indeed I had almost relinquished, as I met with innumerable difficulties in its execution. I have sometimes been called from comparing the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton to disinheriting a prodigal; and have been interrupted in the middle of a paragraph by

the hurry of a miss to secure her pin-money. I have been prevented from ending a sentence melodiously by the deed of an estate, and have lost the substance of a criticism, by attending to the legal information of a Marriot.

I am at length, Sir, relieved from this bondage of the mind, and refinement of the body, and have entered the emporium of literature, where I expected that learning was rewarded and genius honored. I have published my history of literature; but would you believe me, Mr. SCOURGE, notwithstanding it was universally admired by the friends who perused it, and considered by them as the most interesting production of the age; notwithstanding genius, diligence, and wit, were all employed in its composition; and notwithstanding I had the generosity to give two folio volumes, with russia backs and lettered, for the moderate sum of seven pounds seven shillings, I have neither been repaid my expences by the profits of its sale, nor rewarded with a degree from the University of Oxford? Nay, what is worse, the reviewers who sit like Minos in literary judgment, and conduct the authors who appear before their tribunal to the regions of poverty, or the temple of riches, have declared it to be the production of pedantry and ignorance. I have no doubt, however, that in spite of the envy of these snarlers, my future productions will meet with the approbation of the age, that my abilities will be properly distinguished, and that my name will hereafter be regarded a sure recommendation to every literary trifle.

If you wish to know what plans I have laid for the foundation of my future eminence, I need only assure you that I have consulted the fashionable taste: I can *epethize* like Rosa Matilda the *rainbow* violet, and the blushing carnation. I have composed a poem, in which I have taken care to use the *frolic* spring, the *frantic* eye-balls, the *lucid* clouds, the mellowed tints of the red-ey'd morn, and the *darkling* frown of the stormy sky. I expect to convince the world that the man who possesses any preten-

sions to wisdom, will not submit to the influence of sleep; that Lord Castlereagh is great and virtuous, the fasting woman of Tutbury innocent and honest, and Dr. Busby a miracle of diffidence. I intend to prove that Eve was black, and propose to receive subscriptions for a treatise which will convince the most obstinate that men were born with tails, and that with a little industry ingeniously exercised, that ornament might be reengrafted on the rising generation.

You will no doubt be inclined after so long a relation to censure my impertinence; but these preliminary observations were necessary to introduce the following proposal. I flatter myself that this is a proposal which you will the more readily accept, when you consider how fashionable such good offices are at the present day; when you perceiving the amazing success which such recommendations have in rendering dulness witty, ignorance learned, and affectation beautiful; and you surely cannot object in return for my applause of your genius and penetration to distinguish me by the titles of the "*ingenious and learned*"

SYLVESTER SCRIBBLEWELL.

THE REVIEWER.—No. XXIII.

Memoirs of George Frederic Cooke, late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, by William Dunlap, Esq.

THE life of Cooke is a subject on which the most splendid orator or the loftiest moralist might exercise his powers, without descending to an unworthy application of his talents, or complaining of the paucity of his materials. To all the eccentricities of Savage, the great actor whom Mr. Dunlap has endeavoured to delineate,

united a vigor of intellect, and a versatility of talent, which it is vain to seek in the literary productions of the friend of Johnson. He has left behind, in his private memoranda, a transcript of his mind which the moral philosopher will contemplate with unwearied interest; and the history of his misfortunes, so minutely recorded and so frequently witnessed by his friends, more directly proves their immediate connection with his personal irregularities than the evidence of any other biographical sketches that recur to our remembrance.

Mr. Dunlap is neither an orator nor a moralist; nor does he pretend to the honors of eloquence and profundity. He is apparently content to be regarded as a faithful collector of materials; and considered as the storehouse of information to future writers, or as the source of gratification to immediate curiosity, his work deserves considerable praise. His volumes abound with characteristic anecdotes, and are rendered doubly valuable by the copious extracts they contain from Mr. Cooke's journals and private memoranda.

He was well aware of the nature and the consequences of his deplorable propensities, and in the moments of lassitude and thoughtfulness, laments with bitterness his own deviations from sobriety. The following narrative from his MS. when contrasted with his habits, is particularly striking:

“ *Aug. 13th, 1794.*

“Called at the Bull's Head and drank some wine and water. Among some other persons there was a certain clergyman, who is said to be a man of literature and abilities—certain he writes A. M. after his name. He was dirty, drunk, and foolish. Some of the company, though they all expressed a respect for him, seemed to use him as an object of their mirth. I could not help reviewing him with pity; not that sensation which approaches to contempt, but a real sorrowful feeling; as I cannot, to please myself, otherwise express it. In viewing him I thought of others. Drunkenness is the next leveller to death, with this difference, that the former is always attended with shame and reproach, while the latter, being the certain lot of mortality, pro-

duces sympathy, and may be attended with honor. From the general temper of the world, it is too probable with respect to the gentleman I am writing of, that a long and faithful discharge of the duties of his office will be almost forgotten, while the hours of his frailty, or to speak stronger, the periods of his vice and folly, will be clearly remembered, and distinctly related. —I think, and I hope, I shall never forget him."

The early part of his life appears to have been passed in the utmost irregularity. He was born in Westminster; but his father, a dashing officer, removed to Berwick, while his son was yet an infant. He was apprenticed to a printer, but did not fulfil the term of his engagement. From an early age, till he became the hero of the Dublin stage, he appears to have experienced a greater variety of fortune than usually happens to itinerant performers; but as it is our present object to select only such anecdotes as have a tendency to elucidate his character, we shall pass over the minor incidents of his life, to relate the cause of his sudden departure from the capital of Dublin.

"Mr. Matthews, now for some years a distinguished favorite with the London audience, at that time a very young man and an actor, was a member of Daly's company, and lodged in the same house with Cooke. One night, after play and farce, in the latter, Matthews having played Mordecai to Cooke's Sir Archy, and to the satisfaction of the veteran, was invited by him, to take supper in his room *tête-à-tête* and drink whiskey punch. Supper over and Cooke's spirits elevated, the fatigues of the evening were forgotten: he was pleased with his young companion, whose tongue freed from all shackles by the smoking liquor, glibly poured forth those praises which Cooke's superior talents prompted. One jug of whiskey punch was quickly emptied, and while drinking the second, George Frederick in his turn began to commend young Matthews."

After recording a lecture on sobriety, which must have afforded us a curious contrast to the frequency of his potations, Mr. Dunlap proceeds as follows.

"Mrs. Burns in the mean time had protested against making

any more whiskey punch, and had brought up the last jug, upon Cooke's solemn promise that he would ask for no more. The jug is finished, and Matthews heartily tired thinks he shall escape from his tormentor, and makes a move to go.

"Not yet, my dear boy—one jug more."

"Its very late, Sir."

"Only one more."

"Mrs. Burns will not let us have it."

"Won't she? I'll shew you that, presently."

"Cooke thunders with his foot, and vociferates repeatedly 'Mrs. Burns.' At length honest Mrs. Burns, who had got to bed in hopes of rest, in the chamber immediately under them, answers, "What is it you want, Mr. Cooke?"

"Another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Burns."

"Indeed, but you can have no more, Mr. Cooke."

"Indeed, but I will, Mrs. Burns."

"Remember your promise, Mr. Cooke."

"Another jug of punch, Mrs. Burns."

"Indeed, and I will not get out of my own bed any more at all, Mister Cooke; and so there is an end of it."

"We'll see that, Mrs. Burns."

"When to Matthews's further astonishment he seized the jug and smashed it on the floor over the head of Mrs. Burns, exclaiming, "do you hear that, Mrs. Burns!" and receiving in reply:

"Yes, I do, Mr. Cooke, and you will be very sorry for it tomorrow, so you will."

"He then opened the window, and very deliberately proceeded to throw the looking-glass into the street, and the fragments of broken chairs and tables. Matthews had made several attempts to go, and had been detained by Cooke; he now ventured something like an expostulation, on which his mentor ordered him out of his apartment, and threw the candle and candlestick after him. Matthews having departed, the wretched madman sallied out, and was brought home next day, beaten and deformed with bruises."

The disgrace attending the notoriety of this transaction, drove him on to more desperate intemperance: the stage was abandoned, and in a fit of drunkenness and despair he enlisted as a private in a regiment destined for the West Indies.

His discharge having been procured by the provincial managers Banks and Ward, he was sent to Manchester. In 1796 he was married to Miss Daniels of the Chester theatre, from whom he was afterwards divorced on account of the invalidity of the marriage. In October, 1797, he returned to Dublin, and became once more the monarch of the Irish theatre. In the month of June, 1800, Mr. Cooke concluded an engagement for Covent Garden theatre, with Thomas Harris, Esq. through the agency of Mr. Lewis, the acting manager; and on Friday evening, the 31st of October, he established his fame as an actor, by performing the arduous, varied, and highly wrought character of Richard the Third. His professional excellence and his personal frailties still live in the recollection of our readers: only inferior to his great rival in personal assiduity and discretion, had his moral accorded with his intellectual character, he might have obtained in the estimation of the public a decided and continued pre-eminence; but addicted to intemperance beyond the influence of reason and philosophy, he disgusted his friends by the obtrusive brutality of his habits, and exasperated the public by repeated and flagrant violations of propriety. In his journal he records the hours spent in drunkenness, and recurs to reflections on the weakness of his conduct, making a disgusting medley of vileness and moralizing. He exclaims with thousands in similar circumstances when suffering leads to unavailing repentance, "every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil." In a day or two after indulging in these reflections, he would keep it up till four in the morning, and lie in bed the next day till six in the evening, when he would dress and go to the theatre. In his transactions with the managers he was the most troublesome of beings. No dependance could be placed on his attendance at rehearsal, or on his appearance at night. He would sometimes, even when sober, but in a fit of caprice, determine not to perform, and persisted in his resolution, notwithstanding all the intreaties and allure-

ments of his friends. On the 4th of September, 1801, he played Macbeth for his benefit at Manchester, and at that very time, the bills of Covent-garden theatre announcing his appearance in Richard for the opening night were posted about the city of London, and his name advertised in the papers to the same purpose; yet we see him going with what he calls "a small undisciplined set" to Newcastle, and loitering there, and in the towns on the road to London with no other cause of detention than his fondness for the tavern or the ale-house.

Of his manners and habits at this period, the following anecdote is singularly characteristic:

"While Mr. Cooke was waiting at the side scene for his cue to go on, Kemble came up and approached him thus:

"Mr. Cooke, you distressed me exceedingly in my last scene—I could scarcely get on. You did not give me the cue more than once. You were very imperfect."

"Sir, I was perfect."

"Excuse me, Sir, you were not."

"By — I was, Sir."

"You were not, Sir."

"I'll tell you what.—I'll not have your faults fathered upon me! And d—n me, black Jack, if I don't make you tremble in your pumps one of these days yet!"

Having taken a trip to the country seat of Mr. Harris, along with Mr. Cooper, for whose benefit he wished to ask permission to perform; after a jovial bottle and some preliminary conversation, the dialogue proceeded as follows:

"*Harris.* 'No, Cooke, impossible;—*you* play at Drury Lane! quite out of the question—can't—won't—no, no, no.'

"*Cooke.* 'The best creature in the world, Sir. I know him well, and love him much, Sir; and can't bear to see him trampled upon by those damned rascals at Drury Lane. Sheridan to bring him from America, where he was every thing in his profession, bring him from his wife and family—promised him an engagement—here he has played part of the season, and the

poor beggarly rogues won't give him a farthing, but offer him a benefit,—like all the tricks and shuffling of their pack. Every actor ought to cut them.'

" *Harris.* 'Why now you know, Cooke, that I would, but it is impossible you know.'

" *Cooke.* 'Offer him a benefit in the middle of June! poor dogs, that costs them nothing—a benefit!—he a stranger; no friends—Lord Erskine's his friend though; only think, Sir, of the meanness of the rogues—the unfeeling scoundrels!'

" *Harris.* 'Why its very bad treatment, but——'

" *Cooke.* 'Sir, I knew you, and I knew that you would feel indignant at such treatment, and in my confidence, my certainty of your generosity, I pledged myself—I am in honor bound to play for him.'

" *Harris.* 'Well then, you must.'

" *Cooke.* 'My dear, my best of friends, thank you—I must drink your health—thank you—thank you—my dearest friend—you have granted the three things I had most at heart,—you have lifted a burthen—three burthens from me—Money, Manchester, Cooper. I shall return to London light as gossamer. I will first finish my wine—(pouring the balance of the bottle into a tumbler) and then—(displaying the wine, and raising his voice from the low level tone in which he had been speaking to its high sharp key) my voice will be as clear as your liquor. Ahem—I shall play in my best style to night, I promise you.'

" *Harris.* 'What! what's that? You play to night!'

" *Cooke.* 'I shall give it them in my best style. Aha!—ahem! aha! aha! haw.'

" *Harris.* 'Play to night, and here at this time! and in this situation! John!—Thomas! (ringing the bell violently) where's the carriage that brought Mr. Cooke?'

" *Servant.* 'On the common, Sir.'

" *Cooke.* 'Aha! Common? That's right, I'm to join Cooper on the common. But there's no hurry—let's have another bottle! Another bottle, my good friend.'

" *Harris.* 'No, no, no. No more! Go—go—away—quick—Here, John, lead Mr. Cooke.'

" *Cooke.* 'Stand away, fellow!—What do you mean, Sir, is this treatment for a gentleman? A gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, to be treated thus by the son of a soapboiler. Pah!'

Fat! Is this the way you treat the man who has made your fortune? Fat!

“*Harris.* ‘Well, my dear Cooke, go—consider—the audience—the time of day—your friends.’”

Cooke suffered himself to be soothed and led away by the valet, leaving the astonished manager too justly to anticipate the hisses and riotings of a disappointed public.

In 1808, he arrived in London with his second wife, a Miss Lambe, of Newark, where her family continue to reside; and we may judge by the intercourse carried on by letters and presents that the marriage was agreeable to all the interested parties.

It would be a task equally melancholy and inconsistent with our limits to trace his progress through all the varieties of a splendid but profligate career from the period of his marriage to his death. Having lost by the imprudence of his habits the respect and the confidence of a British public, and conscious of merited degradation, he accepted the offers of Mr. Cooper, and consented to a secret embarkation for America. At New York, and indeed at all the other towns of America, he was received with enthusiasm; but the indecency and irregularity of his habits more than counteracted the influence of his extraordinary talents, and the disappointment of the audience was so frequent that after the performance of a few evenings at any particular town, the theatre was deserted, and a house of five hundred dollars regarded by the manager as a fortunate speculation.

On the evening of the 15th of September, 1812, Mr. Hosack, surgeon, was called upon to see Mr. Cooke, in consultation with Dr. Maclean. Mr. Cooke's strength was now so far expended that they found it impossible to prescribe any thing that was likely to prove useful for the removal of his disease. On the evening of the 25th, he was seized with a weakness of the stomach, which was soon succeeded by a violent vomiting, and the discharge of a large quantity of black glutinous blood. By this evacuation his strength was suddenly ex-

hausted, but the vomiting was at length allayed by a mixture of laudanum and mint water, directed for him by Dr. Francis, who remained with him throughout the night, hourly expecting his decease. Mr. Cooke, however, survived until six in the morning ; when, in the full possession of his mental faculties, and the perfect consciousness of his approaching change, he calmly expired.

His journal and his chronicles prove him to have been an accurate observer of life and manners ; he had read much, and reflected more : he was prone to moral contemplation, and had he cultivated the graces of composition, might have obtained a respectable rank in the literary world. His memoranda, however, are too frequently and copiously extracted by his biographer, whose chief object is evidently that of book-making ; but who deserves considerable praise for the correctness and the variety of his anecdotes, and the vivacity with which they are detailed. The work abounds in animadversions on the conduct and character of Cooke's English contemporaries, and to these animadversions we shall recur at an early opportunity.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A FASHIONABLE PEER.

*(Addressed to the most noble * * * * *.)*

MY LORD,

I HAVE a curious manuscript in my possession, treating of the manners and customs of a people, inhabiting a country seemingly unknown to our geographers, and which is called Emerald Isle. It is a singular production, bearing about it great marks of antiquity ; yet the tales which it relates, the customs it reveals, and the characters which it unfolds, have such an affinity to modern times that I have had my doubts whether it is not a work of very recent origin, and meant as a satire directed

against some of our most elevated characters. This opinion, however, has been arrested by a *minute* enquiry into its analogy with modern times, and although I have found the semblance strong in circumstance, yet in effect widely differing from what would be experienced among ourselves.

I find in Emerald Isle the government and the people widely differing about what is criminal and what is not, while in Great Britain there is but *one* opinion. In Emerald Isle the people *think* their nobles *can* be vicious, while in this happy country we *know* to the contrary. In Emerald Isle the nobles say that the laws were framed to curb the vicious propensities of the mobility, but never to regulate their *own* conduct: the people on the other hand say, that the rich ought not to be more respected in the eye of the law than the poor, and that vice does not change its form and feature according to the distinction of person; but in Great Britain, in this blessed and favoured isle, where science and the arts flourish, where, illumined by the eye of reason, the mists of prejudice are dispelled, the government and the people differ not at all upon such flimsy subjects.

My Lord, let me pause to ask you, if I emulated your lordship's steps, tracked your fashionable course, and adopted your honorable expedients, what would be said of me, what would be my penalties?

But the conduct of your most noble lordship, as being the conduct of a Marquis, entitles you to esteem among your equals, admiration among your inferiors, and the highest consideration with your prince and sovereign.

The knowledge of such conduct, the conviction of its necessity to constitute the character of a *great* man, contrasted with the apparent opinion of the people as conveyed in the manuscript before me, removes at once from my mind the suspicion of its being a satire upon ourselves, and that it is neither more nor less than a memoir of the times it is written to illustrate, a correct history of the court of Emerald Isle.

Holding your *most noble* lordship's character in the highest estimation, duly impressed with its weight in the scale of the nation, and delighted with its uniformity, I have extracted from the body of the work, characteristics of a noble Lord. These, I am convinced, will amuse you, and gratify your admirers--by contrast your Lordship's character will raise at least fifty degrees in estimation. I shall then have done you some service, and aware of the ardent gratitude which glows in your breast, I shall look to my reward with certainty and satisfaction.

In what seas Emerald Isle is situated, I am at a loss for conjecture, but according to the map prefixed to the work, which may probably have reference to the antediluvian world, it is surrounded by lesser isles, which are its tributaries, and one of these is singularly distinguishable for its fertility and its consequence: in this isle was our most noble lord above-mentioned ushered into life. His family, however, it appears, were originally transplanted from Emerald Isle, from a southern county, where it had long flourished in opulence, and became titled in the reign of a monarch not less remarkable for dissoluteness of conduct, than attachment to those who emulated his example.

"The grandson of the ancestor first titled, acquiring a property in the sister isle by marriage, emigrated from the soil that had reared him, and settled himself on his newly acquired estates, and having great influence *serviceable* to the great stewards of the nation, blushing honours fell thick upon him, and he stood high in dignity. He died, and his son, the subject of our animadversion, succeeded him." We have now arrived at the luminary of Emerald Isle, the dignified lord whose *virtues* raised him high in the confidence of his Prince and in the *estimation* of—*query* who?

My lord, I cannot help digressing to remark that the people of Emerald Isle were impressed with the traces of something they call 'ancient notions of virtue,' and although much had been done to eradicate these mischievous marks engrafted in the bosom, and the efforts had not wholly been ineffectual, yet much remained to be

done. *Education* had not removed the prejudices of moral thinking among the middling and humbler classes of society, although it had wholly purged them from the higher, and schisms of a disagreeable nature existed, to the *exclusion* of confidence between the nobles, dignitaries, and the people.

“Three years after his birth, becoming heir-apparent to his father, a newly created earl, and being himself called viscount, he muttered his titles almost with his first lisp, and before he was hardly as high as the top of an old beaux’s knee-string, he gave proof of a concentration of dignity in his veins, and indication of a disposition to live as a noble lord should.

“By the time that he had attained his sixteenth year his temper and disposition were marked by the worst characteristics of his countrymen: violent in his passions, arbitrary in his will, cruel in his resentment, he was an object of fear to those immediately about his person, and of hate to those who lived under his controul.

“To direct the headstrong propensities of his youth into another and a better channel, marriage was proposed to him immediately on his entering his majority—he assented without scruple to his father’s choice, not with honorable views or manly motives, but that it was a matter of total indifference to him, and by the match the family gained a considerable accession of property.

“But a heart so lost was not to be won by modesty, by the simple endearing smile of truth, and the melting eye of chastity: it were as difficult to infuse into a gangrene mass of corruption, one drop which should resist the taint, as to call back within the limits of prudence the heart confirmed in voluptuousness, and which has ranged in all the intoxicating wildness of feverish desires.”

The manuscript in this place, and henceforward, appears to be dabbling in dangerous matter: thus, instead of words, we are very often treated with *stars* and *dashes*, interrupting the sense, and I must do my best in decyphering the enigmatical dashes.

“ A bankrupt in pocket, although not in constitution, which had been able by the hardness of its nature to resist the ravages which profligacy had prepared for it, as the Earl of —— his resources were hardly improved, for previous to his father's death he had sold even his expectations. His political influence, however, in the island, soon remedied this defect, and repaired, in some degree, his exhausted funds. The island, which he called his mother country, was long notorious for its disaffection to its more powerful sister; it had long ineffectually, to a certain extent, resisted her dominion; it claimed to be governed by laws of its own, and so it was, under some regulations enacted by her neighbours, but it claimed to be *free and independent*, which the government of Emerald Isle was determined to resist.

“ To put an end to future disagreements, a bond of union was proposed between the two countries, which was resisted by the feebler power with all the vigor of courage and perseverance; but the *great* men conferred among themselves—a bribe of a powerful nature was offered to expedite their negociation. They soon concluded—they received the bribe—they sold their country, and our Lord, at the age of two-and-forty, became a Marquis. A Marquis? yes. He became a Marquis, and new scenes of riot opened upon him with all the fascination of novelty. He completed *half* a century in years, and he debauched the wife of his friend. He inveigled a beautiful but abandoned woman from her home by the allurements of rank and fortune, and specious promises never to be performed. This hoary-fronted satyr, whose wrinkled brow exhibited the frost of age, and thus concealed the rankness and heat of his heart, gained admission to a clergyman's house, *his friend*, and eloped with his frail wife, while the pious man was engaged in the discharge of his clerical duties.

“ He fled from his own wife and banqueted in prostitution; he came to Emerald Isle, and, shunned by all good men, lived in adultery and herded amongst individuals

already lost to society, who were employed to cater to his exhausted purse : shunned and execrated, his countrymen beheld him for a time like a desolate human being in the midst of civilization, his splendid trappings but rendering his deformity more hideous.

“ In the metropolis, view his mornings occupied in scheming with notorious money-lenders, creatures who feed upon the necessitous—his evenings with the woman whom he had debauched, and HER SISTER living with him beneath the same roof. In the summer months view him at a watering-place, walking alone upon the sands, while Mrs. ——— and her sister display their voluptuous forms in the ocean to the gaze of strangers, practising the *feminine* art of swimming!!! at which they are particularly expert.”

I cannot follow the manuscript in all its minutiae, and I must here conclude by saying, in the words of the author of the manuscript, “ that *these* were the recommendations which purchased him favor in the eyes of his prince, and which procured for him the appointment to a sinecure under the government.”

The author of the manuscript appears indignant, as, indeed, he says the people of the Emerald Isle were, at his appointment, and even at the countenance shewn to such a man. But, my lord, I venture to aver that by the time that country shall have arrived at our state of improvement, it shall excite no more surprize or indignation among the people than it would did it happen in this favored isle of liberty, justice, and virtue.

Your lordship's most obsequious,

TIMOTHY CAUSTIC.

THE REGULAR DRAMA *versus* THE PANTHEON.

It is argued by Mr. Raymond, that distinguished champion of the licensed drama as licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, that theatrical monopoly is favourable to dramatic art, and the true encourager of mimic excel-

lence ; that the splendid theatres which now adorn the metropolis, would never have reared their heads, but for the security of those patents which precluded competition, and enabled the proprietors to expend large sums in gratifying the taste of the town. We are by no means desirous of breaking a fly upon the wheel, or of evincing our ability in contending in disputation with one so powerfully stentorian as the gentleman in question. All we will enquire of him shall be, was he always of this opinion ? Did he some few years back, when no more than a theatrical wanderer, eking out a slender subsistence on provincial boards, suing for a license from a country magistrate—while his eye was upon London, and his heart ached with many a longing sigh, yearning towards it—was he then of opinion that theatrical monopoly was favourable to a London public, or to such a stage-labourer as himself ? With this question we shall dismiss Mr. Raymond as not being quite the man we wish to enter the lists with, and inquire into the right of dramatic performance as vested in the proprietors of the Pantheon theatre by the licensing magistrates of Middlesex.

We understand *seven* magistrates have by their hand and seal authorized the performance of the operatic drama, together with ballets or pantomimes, at the above theatre, for a summer season, under authority of the act of the 25th of George II. On the regular interpretation of this act, we believe there can be no doubt—the doubt is, whether the magistrate, backed by the act, can interfere with the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, said to be the only licensing power in the metropolis.

It is contended, on the one hand, that the magistrates have not the privilege of licensing within the cities of London and Westminster, that the Chamberlain alone has the power. On the other, it is contended, that the magistrates *alone* have the right of licensing ; that their authority is legal, and that the controul of the Chamberlain extends only in regulation over the performances,

restricting managers to the production of the moral drama, and from passages offensive to the government and the constituted authority.

These are the legal points in debate, and upon the issue depends the ability of the proprietor of the Pantheon in keeping open the most splendid theatre in the metropolis—a theatre, which in this state of its infancy, has met with the warm encouragement of the public, and which struggles with its well wishes.

We know well it is in vain to resist a monopoly supported by a patent by any other than parliamentary means; and we believe Mr. Candy, the proprietor of the Pantheon, has no idea of contending against the patentees of our regular theatres—he does not open his theatre in opposition, or defiance of their exclusive privilege, or to invade their property—their patent rights are dormant while the doors of their theatres are closed, and during those intervals he claims the right under magisterial authority of representing the operatic drama. And we will ask the question, why not generally the drama? Is the metropolis to be left in the summer months without a theatre, the Haymarket being closed for the present season, and the Lyceum being confined to the performance of operas only? But let us confine ourselves at present to the legal question.

Patents have been granted for three theatres in the metropolis. One in the city of London, and two in the city of Westminster. One of these lies dormant in the hands of the proprietors of the other theatres, and they determine that two theatres for the representation of the regular drama is fully sufficient for the accommodation of the public; and they strengthen their argument by advancing that the two theatres already erected seldom meet their complement of company; but this, in our estimation, makes not a hair in the scale against the establishment of a third theatre. We are told that the best plays of Shakspeare will not draw a house. Admit it, but let us ask how many houses have the best plays

of Shakspeare produced, and is the public to be wearied with the sight it has so often seen?

The town is in want of novelty; it pants to encourage literature and the arts; and whenever a good comedy is produced, its run for so many subsequent nights proves the taste of the public, and the encouragement it holds out to managers to study novelty, and avail themselves of merit. We are of opinion that three or four theatres, properly conducted, would fill nightly, to the advantage of the proprietors, of authors, and the public.

However, the patentees of the two winter theatres think proper, under the considerations before stated, to suppress the patent for a third. Can they legally do this? Will parliament allow them such a giant power over the public? Are the dramatic amusements of the metropolis vested in their hands, and can they at pleasure shut up the other two, and resist the attempts of other adventurers in supplying the deficiency they have thought proper to occasion? Neither in law nor in equity can they do this. Such a power is not argued in the body of the grant, was never contemplated at the time of its issue, and if they have thought proper to exercise so undue an authority, it is because no one has hitherto had temerity enough to resist them, and enquire into their power of so doing.

The public has a right to demand a third theatre, and under the circumstances of the case, who shall resist its appeal to legislation to that effect? and if a third theatre is to be, let those men who have embarked their property in the erection of the Pantheon, have the benefit of the grant. Will the patentees, in presumption of their right, resist a rival theatre, and denounce the performers? As the matter stands, and without the intervention of a higher authority, they certainly can do this during their winter reign; but the summer months is a sort of interregnum, during which period their authority ceases: and it is in this interregnum that the Pantheon opens its doors, and courts the public favor; but fearful of en-

croaching too far upon the rights of others, it fritters away its good English to the thrum of a harpsichord in a sort of jingling prose, which the public good-naturedly accept, aware of the manager's impediments, and ashamed of the necessity of submitting to a law so fractious and peevish as that which regulates the drama.

Alarmed at their success, the proprietors of the Lyceum, an excrescence generated out of the flames of the late Drury-lane, usurping the power and consequence of patentees, full of wine, and full of envy, fly to the magistrates at Marlborough-street, lay an information against their brethren of the sock, and threaten them with the laws against vagabonds.

Now, who are these informers and complainants? Against whom do they inform? Of what do they complain? Have they any patent right which is infringed upon? Are they not performing under a questionable licence? And do they not come within the interpretation of the same act as their brethren denounced? We will prove to them that they do, and without the same protection.

Previous to, and during the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, strolling companies of comedians were common all over England; they were composed of the lowest classes of individuals, and besides committing depredations in the towns they frequented, they were otherwise a great nuisance: their exhibitions were tricked out with buffoonery and the coarsest indecency, to amuse the vulgar, and hence they became serious objects of magisterial displeasure.

In London the scenic art had arrived to some degree of maturity, and besides was followed by men of the greatest natural attainments: to encourage excellence in them, and to provide for the inhabitants of the metropolis a rational amusement which would be materially retarded by the rivalry and quackery of less able competitors, patents were in course of time granted to three distinct companies of comedians, restricting other adventurers from approaching within ten miles of the metropolis,

during their exhibitions. Of course, if they cease to perform during the dormancy of their patents, other companies under the licence of the magistrates to which they were subject, claimed the right of performing, and could perform as in every other town in Great Britain. This is part of the case of the proprietors of the Pantheon. In consequence of the immorality which crept into the drama, the irreligion, and passages offensive to church and state, an act of parliament was passed, rendering illegal the performance of any speaking drama which had not received the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, who also had a controul over the revels. Now we refer to the act, and defy the most wilful misinterpretation of it to say, that the Lord Chamberlain is there impowered to licence a company of comedians. No, his authority extends in controul over them, and over their performances, seeing that they do nothing to the prejudice of church and state. The licensing was and is vested in the magistrates, as in other parts of England; their power only failing, when its exercise militates against the patentees of theatres erected within their jurisdiction. This is the second part, and together forms the whole of the case of the proprietors of the Pantheon Theatre. They are licenced by the magistrates, who are the only legal authority pursuant to act of parliament, for the performance of music and dancing, aided by scenery; there is now no patent theatre open in or within ten miles of the metropolis: thus no exclusive right is invaded, no property injured, but the public materially benefited, by a moral and rational evening's amusement, an agreeable relaxation from the fatigues of the day, and of course an incentive to its next day's continuance.

Since writing the above, we have the opportunity of noticing the opinions of counsel on this interesting question, as offered in support of, and in defence against an information lodged at the Marlborough-street office, against four of the principal performers of this theatre, and which came on to be heard on Thursday the 26th of August. Mr.

Boeme, counsel for the prosecution, contended in favour of the Lord Chamberlain's authority, and produced in support of his question, the act the 10th of George the second, to prove that the Lord Chamberlain is vested with the power of licensing the *place* of performance, as well as controlling the performance. Mr. Alley pursued our line of reasoning, and in support of his arguments we refer to the act, to the debates on the act in the year 1737, and particularly the speech of Lord Chesterfield, proving the manner in which that bill was *hurried* through the house, and which fully points out what were its objects, and what the power it intended to grant to the Lord Chamberlain. In illustration of our remarks, we shall make a few extracts from the speech of Lordship, which is to be found either in the parliamentary debates, or *more correctly* reported in the Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1737. "My Lords. The bill now before your Lordships, having passed the House of Commons with so much *precipitancy*, as even to get the start of one that deserved all the respect that could be paid it, has set me on considering why so much regard has been paid to *this*; why it has been *pushed into an almost empty house* at the close of the session, and *pressed in so singular a manner*; but I confess, I am yet at a loss to find out the great occasion. My lords, I apprehend it to be a bill of a very extraordinary and very dangerous nature, and though it seems signed as a restraint upon the stage, I fear it looks farther, and tends to a *restraint* on the liberty of the press, a *restraint even on liberty itself*!"—"I observe a power is to be lodged in the hands of *one person only* to judge and determine the offences made punishable by this bill—a *power too great* to be in the hands of any one." "Is a play a *libel* upon *any one*, the law is sufficient to punish the *offender*; and the person in this case has a singular advantage, he can be at no difficulty to prove who is the publisher of it, the player himself is the publisher, and there can be no want of evidence to convict him." It will exceed our limits to dwell longer upon this subject; the speech of Lord Chesterfield will prove

that the measure was odious at the time, and that it was directed to the licencing of the drama, rather than the persons who represented it.

Let us now look a little into the proceedings instituted against Mr. Cundy the proprietor of the Pantheon. This gentleman has embarked the *whole* of his property in the erection of this very splendid edifice—to which he was prompted by the *promises* of princes, dukes, and lords, who failed him when he had compleated his design—he applies to the Lord Chamberlain for a licence, which is refused; he applies to the magistrates; his prayer is granted. He opens his theatre, combating with all the disadvantages of prejudice, and wasted resources; *another person*, a secret assassin stabbing at his property in the dark, privately applies to the Lord Chamberlain for a licence to this theatre, in which he possesses no other interest than what he could create by his sinister designs: he fails, and Mr. Arnold and Mr. Raymond grasp the falling weapon, aimed at the life, as being the means by which he lived, of Mr. Cundy, and by the aid of the understrappers of their theatre, lodge an information in the first instance against Mr. Cundy, in the second against the performers. They obtain a penalty against Cundy of 50*l.*; against Hill, a deserving singer, whose resources were known to be inadequate to the penalty, of 150*l.*; against Bishop, a young man, another 150*l.*; failing against Chambers through a misnomer of another 150*l.*; and to sum up their implacable thirst of vengeance, their remorseless bitterness of soul, they indite Jones the singer under the vagrant act, and sue for his committal: fortunately for this gentleman the proceedings were informal and were consequently quashed. Mr. Arnold and Mr. Raymond have aroused a sleeping lion upon them, and the question they will shortly have to defend is, whether they can keep their *own theatre* open, we mean the Lyceum. In the interim, let them enjoy the execration to which their conduct entitles them.

The Pantheon theatre will continue open in opposi-

tion to every effort that can be made to close it—it is supported by the public, by the inhabitants of the city of Westminster, and the parishioners of St Mary-le-Bone, who are now preparing a petition to parliament, signed by hundreds of thousands of respectable individuals. Can or will the legislature attempt to resist the voice of their constituents, in support of a monopoly disgraceful to the nation?—they cannot, they will not. We have arrived at an epoch in theatrical history, and the ensuing session of parliament will set about the work of regenerating the drama, of freeing it from its disgraceful trammels, and rendering the profession as honourable to the man as its patronage is to the public: we shall see men of great literary attainments, of extended knowledge of human nature, supplying the place of an Arnold as an author, or a Dibdin, or Reynolds, who have so long by interest unaided by merit catered to the public. We may probably see the quadrupedal performers, sent back to their stables, and Jack Puddings to Batholomew fair. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Before we conclude we cannot help particularly pressing upon our reader the unexampled severity and the great injustice which has characterized the whole of the proceedings against Mr. Cundy and his theatre; we cannot resist the desire, notwithstanding the narrowness of our limits, of summarily pointing out by what means this gentleman became connected with the theatre, by what delusions propelled.

Mr. Cundy is an architect of considerable eminence, and was engaged, in the first instance, to give a drawing, and an estimate of the building a splendid theatre for the performance of the Italian Opera. In consequence of the disagreements between Mr. Taylor and his subscribers, this measure had been concluded on, a licence had been promised by the Lord Chamberlain, &c. &c. Money, that essential requisite, being wanting to complete the design, Mr. Cundy was prevailed upon to embark his property in the building, which he did, in consideration of a certain share, and the positive promise of the Prince Regent's

patronage. It is not requisite to enter into all the details, or follow the minutiae of the various transactions and changes which took place in the progress of its erection. Suffice it, that Mr. Taylor made his peace with his subscribers, and the Pantheon was left to perish—Mr. Cundy became sole proprietor, and the promised countenance was withdrawn; the Lord Chamberlain refused his licence, the Prince Regent was no longer visible to Mr. Cundy or his friends. In this state of the case, the proprietor has been obliged to resort to the steps he has taken; and looking into the letter of the law, finds, in a certain quarter, an usurped power which he boldly determines to resist.

A CHARACTER.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few subjects more worthy of satirical admonition than the present system of female education. It might almost be imagined from the care with which the rising generation is nurtured in folly and in pride, that they were designed to rival each other as the votaries of licentious pleasure, and that we judged of the perfection of the fair sex by their taste in dress, and their propensity to scandal.

No sooner has the young lady attained sufficient capacity to comprehend the instructions of her mother than she is carefully initiated into all the trifling and minutiae of dress; her hours are spent in a perpetual attention to this object, while all that is virtuous, all that is useful or really lovely, is forgotten. If her parents be in a rank of life which precludes the consideration of expence, and allows of polite intimacy, her time is spent in listening to the important confabulations of her visitors upon the fashions and chit-chat of the day. If she move in a lower sphere, she is directed to envy the splendour that she cannot imitate. All the grandeur and the elegance

of fashion are diligently commented upon. A slight misbehaviour is forgiven, a fib is excused; but a disordered head-dress excites the unbounded asperity of maternal persecution. Can it be imagined that maxims, such as these, will have any other tendency than to instruct her that dress ought to be the most important concern of human life; that without it esteem or love is not to be obtained, and that with its assistance every vice and even mental deformity will be rendered agreeable and alluring?

If this want of consideration extended no further, its effects would be comparatively trifling; but there are other absurdities in the present system of female education which merit more severe reprobation. Before a girl has escaped from the trammels of childhood she is taught to consider herself as already entitled to enjoy the privileges, and to claim the respectability of a woman. She is familiarized to the attention of coxcombs before she has gained sense or discrimination; she is eager to be pursued by a lover before she is capable of love, and assumes the air of maturity and experience, while she retains the foibles and the ignorance of childhood. There are not a few mothers who converse with freedom upon the subjects of marriage and of love before their children, while others allow them, before they have attained that experience which might lead to the duties of propriety and prudence, to associate in all the amusements of the thoughtless, the giddy, and the foolish, satisfied that they punish every open impropriety, without guarding their child against the effects of example and of vice, rendered more captivating by the influence of affection.

To such as these a sketch of the progress of a woman who with happier fortune might have become the ornament of the one sex and the admiration of the other; whose mind naturally pure, was contaminated by too early an intercourse with the world, and whose ruin was completed by the imprudence and folly of her friends, may not prove entirely useless. I should not have written

it had not I imagined that there are some who love to trace the progress of vice and virtue in the solitary paths of life; who delight to examine the minuter actions of mankind, and who believe that the happiness of the world is no less influenced by the conduct of individuals who languish in insignificance and obscurity, than by the victories of the warrior, and the intrigues of the statesman.

Miss E—— is the grand-daughter of a Scottish laird, and the daughter of a gentleman who bears a prominent part in the literary history of the eighteenth century. Of his fondness for his children, his proneness to indulge them in every infantine caprice, and his willingness to encourage every indication of their precocity, the documents already before the public contain the most curious and irresistible evidence. The progress of her attainments, and the defects of her temper, were such as might have been expected from the behaviour of her parents. Her time was employed in teasing the servants by her peevishness and ill-nature, in provoking the anger of her mother, and then allaying it by her tears, in displaying every caprice that indulgence or folly could tend to gratify, and in cherishing every passion that could add to the sorrows and the miseries of her future life.

With that readiness with which all her desires were gratified, she was suffered as she grew up to associate in the pleasures and amusements of the servants. Thus perverted by advice and example, she possessed all the disgusting ignorance of an imperfect and an improper education, while she beheld without blushing every species of indecency and wickedness; she was sufficiently vicious to mingle with the servants in their profligacy, to listen to their tales, and to derive pleasure from their society. The various conversations among them, which did not unfrequently tend to indecency, and which were generally those which pass among the lower classes of mankind upon amatory subjects, gratified her curiosity, and corrupted her heart. Every species of vulgar licentiousness and cunning became familiar to her, and I

have heard her with a mixture of astonishment and regret converse with freedom and with knowledge in language which might have raised the blushes of the most profligate, and gratified the curiosity of the most inquisitive.

Nor did the imprudence of her relatives stop here: they allowed her to associate during their visits to Edinburgh with all who could equal her in real or pretended fortune and rank. Without any regard to the propriety of their demeanour, or the extent of their understandings, she was suffered, although she had not attained her thirteenth year, to appear in their society at every place of public resort, to frequent the theatre alone, and to parade the streets. She was soon familiarized to the senseless flattery with which her companions were assailed by rakes and coxcombs; her envy was excited by the adulation and attention they received, and she languished, notwithstanding her youth, to have the pleasure of coquetting with a lover, and mortifying a rival. As her stature far exceeded her age, and her levity was too visible, she was not long without pretended admirers, who satisfied her vanity for a while, and gradually neglected her, disgusted by her ignorance, or offended by her folly.

The admonitions of her parents were so injudiciously administered that they gratified her vanity without producing reformation. She could not discover any motive of prudence sufficient to restrain her conversation and address. While she cherished the hope of wealth and splendour, she imagined that she might gratify her inclinations in chusing for the present what companions, and in following what pursuits, she pleased, without endangering her prospects of future elevation.

The gaiety of her appearance, the freedom of her discourse, and the voluptuousness of her manners, still attracted a crowd of all whose society was too insipid to be acceptable to the intelligent, or whose indecency debarred them from intercourse with the modest. While those who had been disappointed in their hopes of gra-

tification by the resistance of her pride were too prudent to disclose their defeat, she was surrounded by others who aimed at the same object, captivated by her affectation of simplicity, yet encouraged by the levity of her conversation and demeanour.

But at length even her pride was subdued by the ungovernable fury of her passions: she fell without being seduced by the arts of seduction or of treachery, the victim of her own insatiable lust. She devoted herself to every species of debauchery and lewdness; and except in the society of those whom interest induced her externally to respect, when she could assume with facility the artlessness of innocence, and the reserve of a vestal, exceeded the libertine ministers of her pleasures in outrageous and wanton indecency.

Although by her cunning she concealed the extent of her vice from her parents, her levity and indiscriminate connections were sufficiently visible; but as they had ruined her by their weakness, they hurried her by their misconduct, to still more disgusting and more varied wickedness. When her father perceived that the ambition he had endeavoured to instil into her mind was insufficient to prevent her imprudence, he endeavoured to restrain her by personal torture and abuse. The unfortunate object of his resentment was too deeply immersed in pleasure, to forsake it through the fear of severity and reproach. As a refuge from the brutality of her father and her own reflections, she flew to a vice equally deceitful and injurious; while she rioted in all the revelry of lust, she destroyed her health and disgraced her sex by perpetual intoxication, and finished the folly of the day by a night of insensibility and delirium.

EPIGRAM.

"Be quiet—don't, Sir," cried a prude,
When am'rous Jack was getting rude;
But Jack well knew with all her riot,
She meant to say "*Sir, don't be quiet!*"

HOAXING AND IMPERTINENCE IN CONVERSATION.

SIR,

As your publication, which is constantly read in our little community, is avowedly for the correction of the *fol-
lies* as well as the vices of the day, permit me to call to your notice a very prevalent weakness, not to call it by a stronger name, which I have long thought deserving censure; and which, from a certain degree of imprudence—I might, perhaps, have said *impudence*—has lately increased to an unpleasant degree, to the great annoyance of many of the peaceable and sober part of society.

It will not, I think, be presuming too much to say that, in the course of those moments which you may devote for the purposes of unbending your mind from the avocations of life, or the more severe studies of literature, you must have met with some flippant youths, who are not satisfied with being the most vociferous in company, but are very much in the practice of *hoaxing* those who may have the misfortune to be bored with such companions. One of these pests, for they deserve no better name, has for a length of time annoyed the company of which I generally make an insignificant part; and though I generally sit quiet, and burn my tobacco, without any interference on one side or the other, let disputes run how they may, I must confess that my indignation frequently arises to see the unblushing conduct of this conceited being.

Scarcely, Sir, has he taken his seat, but with an indescribable air of consequence he immediately interrogates—"Have you heard the news, gentlemen?"—"No, Sir; what is it?" is the general replication throughout the room, and particularly by those who either have not before been *had* by this Mr. Wiseacre, or who permitted his behaviour to pass without its due impression on the mind. This last interrogation, however, is generally answered by a very plausible, but improbable, circumstance in domestic or

foreign intelligence; and the present period being an æra fertile with events which a few hours may bring to maturity, it is frequently, notwithstanding its improbability, swallowed with the greatest avidity, to the no small enhancement of the temporary consequence of this propagator of falsehood.

Now, Sir, what good purpose can such ridiculous conduct answer to the individual? Is it possible that any of this class can derive pleasure from being the mean or vehicle of lies? or do they receive any additional delight from thus deceiving the sedate or the unwary? Will the momentary pleasure of *smoking the old ones*, as it is termed, compensate for the loss of their future good opinion? It certainly cannot. How then to account for such an itch I am totally at a loss, unless it arises from motives of ambition or conceit in the parties, to be considered in possession of information unknown to the rest of mankind, and, in consequence, calculate on being the more noticed. But surely no one will envy feelings obtained by these conditions. And methinks some such punishment as was about to have been inflicted on the impertinent and loquacious barber recorded by Plutarch, would have the good effect of not only preventing this ridiculous practice, but of convincing these *quizzing* youths that their conduct deserves the highest reprobation.

Another class of impertinents frequently met with, is composed of a set of animals who imagine that to ape the extravagances of dress is a sufficient warrant for supposing them to possess every quality attached to humanity. With them apparel is of such primary consideration, that the want of it is deemed the signal of ignorance; while on the contrary, its possession is hailed as the harbinger of every thing amiable. These beings vainly imagine, that an artizan with a coloured neckerchief, and perhaps his garments rather "muddied in fortune's moat," cannot possess any opinion upon the occurrences of the day. And Dryden has long taught us, that

"Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
rth in rags is turned to ridicule."

But the presumption of these beings surely argues a weakness; as if knowledge, and all its concomitants, were the effects of dress, or were generated by the possession of property. To dissent from them in any essential point, is to incur their highest displeasure; and should any plain man in company express his opinion, not perhaps so well skilled in the art of rounding his periods or delivering his sentiments in measured cadences; in short, not possessing

“ ————— that happy art of speech
To dress the purpose up in gracious words,”

he is sure to be treated contemptuously, and oftentimes very rudely. But, Sir, it is no uncommon occurrence in life to see those who would cruelly press the sensitive plant, shrinking from the touch, precipitately withdrawing their hand from the indignant briar, or more revengeful thistle.

Perhaps, ere this, some of the class alluded to may imperatively ask, “ And pray who is this censor?—I suppose some broken down aristocrat, or a cynic grumbling over his disappointments.” Be this as it may, I would have them recollect, that “ honour and shame from no condition rise;” and that however low in life a man may be placed, it is possible he may possess those sources of advice which the modern race of upstarts would do well sometimes to adopt, instead of generally spurning them with disdain. Of this opinion, also, was a late celebrated prelate*, with whose words, by way of advice, I will for the present conclude:—“ To reject knowledge, because the person of him who communicates it is uncouth, and his manners are inelegant; what is it, but to throw away a pine-apple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat ?”—I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

A CALM OBSERVER.

* The Right Rev. George Horne, D. D. Bishop of Norwich, whose exemplary life and amiable disposition, were the best comments on his admirable works.

Miscellanea.

CARE A POKER.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND UNDER A DEPRESSION
OF SPIRITS.

WHEN Fortune has prov'd rather base,
You think me the strangest of men,
Because the jilt frowns in my face
That I never frown at her again.

Though not at the top of luck's tree,
Nor yet at the bottom I'm thrown,
Because some are higher than me,
For that should I cast myself down?

You ne'er knew me pine after pelf,
I leave that to narrow soul'd elves;
What we wish as good fortune itself
Very oft proves the worst to ourselves.

Of the spirits which life doth require
May not trouble, pray, be an exciter?
As we know that disturbing a fire
Will make it burn brisker and brighter.

X. Y. Z.

EPITAPH.

[The following enigmatical lines are translated from the French, being a real inscription graven upon an ancient tombstone.]

The *son* and *mother* both rest here,
The *father* and his *daughter* dear;
Sister and *brother* robbed of life,
A wife and *husband* free'd from strife:
Yet though *eight titles* here you see
This grave entombs no more than *three**.

* This apparent mystery is at once developed, by the reader's being given to understand that a son married his own mother, by whom he had a daughter, which constituted the several personages above enumerated.

IMPROMPTU.

MARRIAGE A MERE LOTTERY.

Marriage a lott'ry is we know,
 To such as needs will try it ;
 Like *flats* with gambling *sharps* who throw
 And think to profit by it :
 Thus many a man a ticket buys
 In wedlock's wheel of strife,
 And the whole ticket grasping—cries
 “ I've got a *prize* for life !”

But as the *wheel* goes round and round,
 His *horns* he scarce can bear ;
 So then his ticket's only found,
 To be a *sixteenth* share :
 A *sixteenth* did I say ? Ah ! no,
 As *prize* it ne'er can rank,
 The *shrew* augments the *cuckold's* woe ;
 His *prize* by heavens—A BLANK !

HUDIBRASTIC CARD.

TO THE DEVIL.

Why do all men arraign the devil,
 As primal source of ev'ry evil ?
 Why paint him *black* with claws and tail,
 We should not 'gainst our best friend rail ;
 For were not all men from beginning,
 Delighted with that thing call'd—*sinning* ?
 What's drinking, wenching, gambling, swearing,
 But dear delights we're fond of bearing ?
 Then why poor Satan's actions rout up,
 And cock at him your sneering snout up ?
 For me I'd have you write a card-on,
 And beg submissively his pardon ;
 For being one right courtly bred,
 And at the board of nobles fed ;
 Be sure on't he'll accept contrition,
 And grant at once your whole petition.
 Then dronish virtue's acts efface,
 And stand confess'd, Nick's babes of grace ;

KEMBLE IN DISTRESS.

Penury is the steadfast and undeviating companion of the strolling player, and the stories related of the ludicrous distress of actors, which are made poignant by the subsequent success and splendor of the individual of whom they are told, if not founded on fact, have sufficient probability to support them. Tony Le Brun's anecdote of Kemble's whipping himself out of his lodgings, the rent of which he could not pay, by lashing a top incessantly over the head of a valetudinarian, who lodged under him, until his landlady forgave him his arrears to get rid of him, is well known. The following, we believe, is not equally public.

In one of those miserable places, which *were* used as theatres, in some of the respectable towns of England, the male actors dressed and undressed themselves in a kind of cock-loft, over the stage. Kemble having taken off his coat, to deck himself in the trumpery finery of the theatre, cautiously stowed it in a nook, between the rafters of the building and the roof. Every one knows the adventurous daring of boys to gratify their curiosity, and get a peep at the scenic wonders, from which their poverty excludes them. Some of these urchins had with towering ambition reached the roof, and overtopped even the heroic Kemble. Their exertions did not cease till they had made an aperture in the roof, and proudly looked down on gods and men below. Unfortunately Kemble's coat obstructed their view. A mischievous elf, finding it within reach, drew the sleeve through the hole he and his companions had made, and as the remainder would not follow, he took his pen-knife and cut it off. The mutilated coat fell in, the arm was carried away, when these imps had satisfied their love of fun and mischief. Kemble after the labours of the evening, putting his coat on, discovered the lamentable deficiency, and fearing the laugh of his companions got home unseen; but what was to be done next morning? He had no other coat, he must go to rehearsal. Summoning his philosophy to his aid, he assumed that look of *sang froid*, of which he is eminently capable, and with one sleeved, and one sleeveless arm, he coolly walked through the town to the theatre, followed by a mob of boys, who huzzaed him to the scene of his greatness. Here he was received with shouts of laughter by the company, which he bore with the most stoical apathy. Mrs. ———, a London star, on whom this company of Thespians were attending, and who had marked Kemble's superiority of talents, questioned

him as to the meaning of his appearance. John with great naïveté told his misfortune.

"But why not put on another coat this morning?"

"Another, (said John) whose would it be? I have no other."

The lady laughed, and had the address to prevail upon the hero, without offending his delicacy, to accept a new coat of her ordering, and was assiduous ever after in commending his merits.

EPIGRAMS.

A spark, once burnt with am'rous fire,
And longed to quench his soul's desire;
The lovely object of his flame,
Objected till she'd ta'en his name,
To grant him e'en one tender kiss,
Or aught that e'en belonged to bliss.
Then soon the noose was tied for life,
The altar made them man and wife.
Now when in mutual warm embrace,
He plainly told her to her face,
If, when he promised her to wed,
She had believed what he so said,
He would have done amiss, 'twas true,
And she a miss had ne'er been too!—
"Yes," said the lady, "that I knew!"
"And with the men I'd had such pain,
"I swore I'd ne'er be fool'd again!!"

GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP.

When to her carriage *B-lt-n* swung,
Attentive to her *Th-r-l-w's* cue,
By all the snakes of envy stung,
The green-room heroines look'd blue.

ON PLATONIC LOVE.

"Platonic are the loves of Ned
"And pretty Fanny so sedate O!
"'Tis plain to common sense:" cries Fred,
"Because their boy was christened *Plato*."

ON ELLISTON'S DOG.

When novelty offers herself to our eyes,
 How fashion's vagaries the world can bewitch ;
 Those who lately clapp'd great *Doodle-doo* to the skies,
 Now flock to applaud this poor *son of a b—h* !

TO MISS L——

That roseate color on your cheeks
 Which blooming youth and health bespeaks,
 You say 's your own, and I may try it ;
 I doubt it not—*pray where d'ye buy it ?*

COMFORT FOR KING JOE !

You've lost a *crown*, but as 'tis spoken,
 You've got from Wellington a *token* !
 And, tho' to you it may seem strange,
 The Spaniards say, you've got *full change* !

ON A RECENT DEATH.

Our *Poet-laureat* liv'd so long,
 He 'gan to dream he ne'er should die ;
 'Till deaf to all his pow'rs of song,
Death put a finger in the *Pye* !

*On reading Jessamy Hunt's grave political dissertation, on the probability of Lord Wellington's being made King of Spain.**

While his profound Examiner
 Makes all readers stare with wonder,
 His *serious dissertation* proves
 Nought but a lively *Irish blunder* !

THE DOWNFALL OF CHURCH AND STATE FORETOLD.

The downfall of the *state's* at hand,
 For how, pray, can it longer stand,
 When ev'ry Sunday, for a frisk,
 The *Church** moves round the *obelisk* ?

* The paragraph, which gave the first hint to this deep politician, appeared in the *Dublin Herald*.

† The Methodist-parson.

ON HUNTINGDON'S BREECHES!

This *saint-like small-clothes*, as he said,
Were made by G-d, who will'd 'em;
But tho' his *pockets* were heaven-made,
'Twas *Lady S.* who fill'd 'em.

A LONDON QUIBBLE.

A Turtle dances not nor sings,
Yet's "lively" call'd by knowing men:
If *Turtles* are such *lively* things,
What *sprightly* folks are *aldermen*!

ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER the First, during his childhood, was in great danger of losing, not only his succession to the crown, but his life. The Strelitz revolted; they besieged the palace, and committed the most cruel outrages: they massacred several of the nobles, but those belonging to the party of Peter and the Narischkins were the immediate objects of their vengeance. It is believed that this sedition was caused by the intrigues of the ambitious Sophia, sister of Peter. That prince, then a child, was withdrawn from the fury of the Strelitz, and carried to the monastery of the Trinity. The rebels, dispersed in every quarter, endeavoured to find him, in order to take away his life. A party of them went to the monastery, and, entering the church, discovered the young prince, who had taken refuge behind the altar. A Strelitz immediatly ran up to him, with a knife in his hand, in order to kill him: the child looked stedfastly at him; already the furious soldier had seized him by the arm, and was about to strike him, when one of his companions called aloud to him, "Stop, stop, do not kill him at the altar, wait till you get him to another place." They were proceeding to drag him from it, when they perceived galloping towards them a detachment of the guard on horseback, informed probably of the road which the Strelitz had taken, and of the precious life which they threatened. The Strelitz immediately escaped by another door, and fled. Twenty years after, as Peter the First was at Cronstad, superintending the equipment of a fleet, he particularly remarked one of the sailors looked attentively at him, and changed colour. The sailor, seeing that the Czar observed

him, approached, and, falling on his knees, said to him, "Sire, I see you have discovered me, you are not mistaken, I am the wretch who armed with a knife, was going to strike you; I confess my crime, I deserve to be punished with death." The Czar asked him several questions. It appeared that after he had fled from the church, he had changed his dress, and his name—had entered into the navy, and from that time had led an honest and reputable life. The Czar was much moved; he granted him his life, and was satisfied with banishing him to one of the extremities of the empire, that he might not again have the chance of encountering the object of such unpleasant recollections. It is imagined that the fright occasioned by this Strelitz at the monastery of the Trinity, was the cause of the spasms and convulsions to which he was afterwards always subject.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

LYCEUM.—Considering the narrow limits of the house, and the necessary circumscription of the public patronage, the managers of the Lyceum have exhibited a liberality and anxiety to please, that could only have been expected from the directors of a spacious and magnificent theatre. In the department to which their attention is more particularly called, the English Opera, they have been peculiarly successful; and the introduction of Miss Luppino on a stage to which her physical powers are so happily adapted, and in situations calculated for the display of her extraordinary talent, does equal credit to their taste and spirit.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooke have personated during the month a great variety of characters in our most popular operas. Mrs. Cooke is a pleasing singer and respectable actress; but her husband has more powerful claims on the notice of the public. His voice is powerful, and exquisitely sweet; his taste refined, his articulation distinct, and his delivery impassioned. If he do not astonish so frequently as Mr. Braham, he more commonly delights; in his ordinary efforts he displays the excellencies of that celebrated singer, unaccompanied by his defects, and unites the dexterity of science to the simplicity that can only be exhibited by unwearied study, operating on a brilliant fancy and a solid judgment.

The farce of the *Waltz* is an alteration from the *Gentleman Dancing Master of Wycherley*. An old gentleman, who has passed the greater part of his life in Spain (*Lovegrove*), resides with his sister (*Mrs. Sparkes*), and a niece (*Miss Kelly*) who is dependent on their protection. She is intended for a young booby of fortune (*Liston*), whom she secretly despises, and is fascinated by the appearance of a gentleman (*Phillips*), who, by some unaccountable accident, enters her chamber window, and on being discovered, assumes the profession of a dancing master. The young lady persuades her booby lover that the trick is designed to make a fool of her real suitor, and after many amusing scenes they are married in an apartment to which they had retired under pretence of practising a waltz. The only character in this piece that gave any scope to the talents of the actor was that of *Liston*. In one of the scenes he introduces a parody of *Sinclair's "Pray Goody"* in *Midas*; but the verses are destitute of point, and are sung in such a manner that were we not apprized of the intended burlesque, we should suppose him to be serious. The songs present a strange medley of old ideas, enveloped in modern phraseology, of ancient wit, and modern doggrel.

The dialogue is lively, spirited, and amusing, and might suffer another castration with a trifling sacrifice of wit, and much benefit to the morals of the rising generation.

The dance of the *Carpenter* is chiefly remarkable for the scene of dalliance between *Miss Luppino* and *Mons. Moreau*. Without being remarkable for beauty of countenance, or elegance of form, *Miss Luppino* possesses those powers of conception and expression that atone for many deficiencies, and communicate to the most moderate form and features irresistible power over the heart and feelings. We have not witnessed any scene more worthy of the painter, the physiognomist, and the connoisseur of the graces, than the attitudes and movements by which, half willing, half reluctant, she resists the overtures and solicitations of her lover. Were the boards of the *Lyceum* graced by many such exhibitions, the *Italian ballet* would be reduced to contend with a formidable rival.

Master Barnet, a youth of twelve years, has appeared in the character of *Dick* in the *Shipwreck*. His voice is an artificial curiosity, for though he has been much indebted to nature, his cadences and ornaments are evidently the creation of his in-

structors. He sings what is set down for him, and when he is left to himself, is confused, perplexed, and inanimate. But if when he arrives at maturity, he retains his present voice, and shall evince that delicacy of taste, and knowledge of his art that cannot be attained without the experience of manhood, he will be a valuable accession to the vocal departments of the English opera.

August the 4th.—The farce of *Sharp and Flat*, a production of *Mr. Lawler*, was performed for the first time. The following are the Dramatis Personæ,

Sir Peter Probable—*Mr. Gattie.*

Captain Belford—*Mr. Pyne.*

Nikey—*Mr. Oxberry.*

Solomon Sharpwit—*Mr. Liston.*

Brisk—*Mr. Knight.*

Footman—*Mr. J. West.*

Rosabel—*Miss Poole.*

Jenny—*Mrs. Orger.*

Mr. Lawler, in an angry and incoherent reply to the criticisms of Drakard's Editor, vehemently defends the wisdom and the liberality of managers, and is utterly astonished, confounded at the insinuation of the said Editor, that no dramatic writer of the present day is competent to produce a decent play or farce. Whatever may be thought of *Mr. Lawler's* arguments, it is certain that he has not proved the contrary of the obnoxious assertion, by his personal example. Stupid and insipid beyond all preceding example—dull and vulgar in language, absurd in plot, and extravagant without ingenuity in character, its continued repetition since the first night of representation, when it was fairly and decidedly condemned, is a compliment to the good-nature of a British audience, the more striking in proportion to the provocation it endured.

Since the first night, indeed, the author has rendered the piece less absurd, by reducing it to a mere nonentity—Sir Peter Probable, is an old gentleman believing in astrology, who expects the arrival of a great proficient in the art. Belford, who is rivalled by Nikey an ideot, is introduced as the German astrologer in question. Solomon Sharpwit, who has come to London in search of his sweetheart, and who has been guilty of smuggling, is persuaded by Brisk to secure himself from two custom-house officers, by seeking refuge in Rosabel's dressing closet. Sir Peter brings

Nikey to the door, unlocks it, and instead of his daughter, who has run away with Belford, drags out Solomon. The dialogue and songs are worthy of each other, and the whole composition, worthy of the reception it experienced on the first night of its performance.

PANTHEON.

In a former part of this number, we have entered into a discussion on the merits of the question at issue between the Lord Chamberlain and the proprietors of this beautiful edifice: it now remains that we should enter into some account of the performers. In the present situation of the concern, many imperfections of management, many deficiencies of scenery, and many inadequate representations of important characters, must be excused, that in an established theatre would become the just objects of legitimate reprehension. Even considered however without any reference to the difficulties under which they and the proprietors labour, the company is respectable, and the business of the scene conducted with great propriety. We hope and trust, for the sake of that public which it is so well calculated to accommodate and gratify, that it will continue open, notwithstanding the caprices of the Chamberlain, and the opposition of interested rivals.

Miss Sterling possesses a respectable stage figure, a voice powerful and melodious, but somewhat too masculine. Her powers of acting are above mediocrity, her face pleasing, her stature above the middle size, her enunciation distinct, and the compass of her voice extensive. An attentive study of the minor graces of expression, and the careful evasion of that abruptness with which she varies from the lower to the higher notes, and *vice versa*, would render her one of the first singers of the English Stage.

Next to her may be placed Miss Amati, who requires a much greater share of improvement as a singer, whose action is intolerable, and whose person is by no means moulded or attired by the graces. Her right arm always dangled by her side, while her left is placed at intervals of a minute behind her ear. She has also an unpleasant trick of applying every mark of good-nature on the part of the audience to herself, and of curtsying three deep, whenever she is honored by a single plaudit.

Nothing but practice and good society are wanting to render Miss Sydney an ornament to the stage. She possesses great ca-

pabilities of voice and person, but she speaks and looks in a tone and with an air of vulgarity, that considerably detracts from the impression of her judgment and vivacity. The present season on the London boards, will essentially contribute to her successful progress.

The improvement of Mr. Hill, both as an actor and a singer, does credit to his talents and his industry. He combines a powerful and harmonious voice with great felicity of execution, and with very respectable talents as an actor; and whatever imperfections may be discovered in his performance, are more than excused by the multiplicity of avocations to which his union of the manager with the performer subjects him.

A Mr. Musgrave appeared on Saturday, Aug. 28th, in the character of Octavian. From the personation of a being so singular and so far removed from the common habits and feelings of human life, it would be impossible to decide with certainty on Mr. Musgrave's general merits. But as far as our observation has extended, we conceive that Mr. Musgrave, however deficient in the expression of the tender and amiable passion, is well qualified to personate the heroes of heroic tragedy, all characters in which the bosom is rent with the stronger passions of rage, hatred, and despair. His aspect is gloomy, and the effect of his dark and portending frown is almost magical.

The dancing is in general good, but there is wanting some prominent leader of the ballet, both male and female, who may relieve the general monotony of a corps in which equality, even though it be equality of excellence, soon fatigues.

These and many other improvements, we have no doubt that the managers will carry into execution as soon as their rights are established on a certain and permanent foundation; and in the mean time we beg leave to express our thanks for the entertainment we have received, and to assure them of our coincidence in whatever may contribute to their permanent success.

H. C.

*The of Loves & Wines you have had store
By N-ep-the dump lings I'd have more*

*Whom he has promised most I will
I'll give the sack as he has done*





Who has the Boys
I do not care a curse,
So that I always keep
the Purvy Purse

Using the joys of Love
My gracious R-g-n

Far far from me be
such temptation put,
To take a butt of sack
to make myself a butt

Who best can sing of Drinking loving lays
I shall have the butt & with it take the Boys.

Of sleeping beauties I rehearse the rhyme
Make me your poet lose no Time

With praises so fulsome I verily such a race,
I do not over the dash I'm ashamed of my face

and Bacchus' store
would you wish for More?

I have written for self
Till I frighten'd myself!!!!

Three thousand pounds I've made a Joke by
A six weeks scrawl entitled Rokeby.

They say that under George the second's rule
Gibber was both the poet and the fool,
The Prince more moderate now I ^{know it} have you
Will take the fool who is no poet

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life one hundred pounds a year
Swift Hem



N. P. RAYS

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